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Trippa
Folding Baby Car
Price from 60/-
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It folds so small it can be stored in any corner. Strong, comfortable, has dcome, and easy to manipulate. Gives all the luxury of an expensive bassinette. Write for Booklet, "Happy Hours with Baby."
Brown Bros. Ltd., Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C.2.

PEACE! When Using a "John Bull" Pen. Coupon on Page 18.

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVI. No. 685. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE
in the home include freedom from the harassing burden of rent. Why not
BUY YOUR HOUSE
under the attractive "City Life" scheme of House Purchase by means of easy instalment payments?
Write for Booklet, free from D.B.J.B.,
CITY LIFE Assurance Co., Ltd.
6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Resting, but Watchful!

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

OUR DRAMATIC SURPRISE

The Everyday Milk

"Ideal" is milk in perfection — the richest full-cream milk concentrated to the consistency of Cream; only water is taken away — nothing is added. It is milk you can depend upon — always. You can depend upon it for Purity and Freshness — for the full *value* and the full *nutriment* that milk *should yield.*

IDEAL MILK

Guaranteed Pure — No Preservative

Diluted, excels ordinary dairy milk for all table and cooking purposes. Undiluted, serves most admirably every purpose of Fresh Cream except

IT WON'T "WHIP"

Packed by Nestlé's and sold everywhere.

CASH PRICE 10D PER TIN

ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM

Great Prize Competition

NO ENTRANCE FEES—OPEN TO ALL.

POSTER TITLE WANTED

£210 IN CASH PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE for a few apt words—not more than six—the fewer the better. Study the small reproduction shown below, then think out carefully what you consider would be the best title for this Poster. For instance, "Step up for a good thing" would be an appropriate title. But you can probably improve upon this. Remember, all we want is an apt and original title. A few simple, telling words will win you the prize.

1st Prize - £100

2nd Prize £25 3rd Prize £10

25 Prizes of £1 each.
50 Prizes of 10/- each.
100 Prizes of 5/- each.
178 CASH PRIZES IN ALL.

The actual Poster in Colour is 150 ins. x 80 ins. in size.
The selected title will be billed over the top line.

ADAMS
PURE CHEWING GUM

Adams Black Jack
Adams Chiclets
Adams Pepsin
Adams Spearmint
Adams California Fruit
Adams Yucatan
Adams Sen-Sen
Beemans Pepsin

Read the conditions

No Entrance Fees. Competition open to everybody except those connected with the firm of **ADAMS & BEEMANS, Ltd**. Each entry **must** be accompanied by a complete 2½d. packet wrapper—this wrapper goes round the bundle of five sticks—of **any** of the brands of Adams Pure Chewing Gum. In the case of Adams Chiclets, send the little yellow carton.

Any number of suggestions may be sent by the same person, but **EACH** attempt must have a packet wrapper to accompany it. Write clearly each suggestion, with your name and address, on a sheet of paper the size of a postcard. Mark your envelope "Competition," and address,

ADAMS & BEEMANS, Ltd., 25, Craven House, K'ngsway, London, W.C.

The Judges will be:—

Mr. Maurice E. Forwood, Competition Editor, "John Bull."
Mr. W. S. Crawford, leading British Publicity Expert.
Mr. John Hart, Advertising Manager, "London Opinion."

The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best Poster Title received, and the other prizes to those next in order of merit. They reserve the right to divide a Prize or Prizes. Their decision will be final and legally binding in all respects. Acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. No correspondence can be entered into.

Latest time for receiving entries, First post August 25th.

Result of competition will be advertised in "John Bull" and "Daily Mail" about a fortnight later.

Remember, you can use **any** Packet wrapper of the various brands of

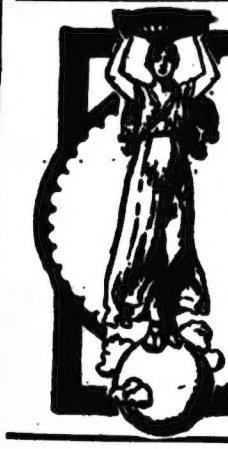
ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM.

ADAMS is the Quality Chewing Gum. A flavour for every taste. 2½d. a packet; ½d. a stick. Sold by all Sweet Shops and Chemists.

Or post free from Adams & Beemans, Ltd., 25, Craven House, Kingsway, London, W.C., on receipt of 2½d. in stamps.

Captain Sir John Alcock, K.B.E., D.S.C., writes:—

"We found FRY'S CHOCOLATE wonderfully sustaining in our flight across the Atlantic, and would not have been without it on any account. It was our chief solid food on the journey, and was indispensable to us."



WITHOUT HEALTH

life is shorn of most of its pleasures. Good health, however, may be preserved, and impaired health restored with the aid of 'BYNOGEN.'

The most agreeable flavour and digestive qualities of 'BYNOGEN' are derived from a malt and wheaten extract which it contains in addition to milk protein and organic phosphates.

'Bynogen' Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- and 9/-

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

WHY buy other bicycle tyres when there are ample supplies of Dunlop Roadsters?

Dunlop

Are you playing a DUNLOP GOLF BALL?

A Secret Safe

You alone know where it is.

Only £2 2s.

Same size as a brick—easily fitted invisibly into your wall—keeps your valuables far safer than till, box, or ordinary safe. You can let it into any wall in hidden position (as behind picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. Best hardened steel door, good six-lever lock (no two alike), and secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Easy to fit in by yourself (list explains how) or bricklayer will do it in hour. Ideal for homes, hotels, vestries, shops, etc. Two sizes 9 ins., 42/-; 12 ins., 80/-. Sent car. paid on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied and returned sound in 10 days car. paid. Cement for fixing one safe 1/- extra. Don't wait for burglars but order to-day before you suffer loss, or send for list and local agent to sole makers—

BRICK SAFE CO., 227, Morville St., Birmingham

CAMERAS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

All Holiday resorts report a great shortage of Cameras and Materials. So don't trust to getting them on your holidays, but get them from us now. We have immense stock—give the best value—and send anything on approval.

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Special attention given to the Sale of Jewellery and Silver by order of Solicitors, Executors, Administrators and Receivers in Bankruptcy.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXVI. No. 685. Week ending Saturday, July 19th, 1919. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"*Deutschland, Deutschland*—Über *Alles!*"
See our leading article.

Victory Bond Club Shares.
Has it occurred to you that these shares—participating, as they will, in an annual draw for big cash prizes for many years to come—should stand at a good premium? The Calcutta Derby Sweep tickets, nominally priced at 13s. 4d. each, frequently change hands at £2 and upwards, although they involve the total loss of capital unless a prize is drawn.

The Government Drawings.
By the way, will the Government drawings for the paying off of Victory Bonds be conducted in public, or, failing that, will there be a committee of bondholders to supervise the proceedings?

Those Bank Balances.
We are not very enamoured of the Select Committee which the Government has set up to deal with our Dormant Bank Balances Bill. However, we must make the best of it.

Ferdinand's Fortune.
Meanwhile, we are pleased to see that King Ferdinand's little nest egg has been duly forfeited to the Crown. By the way, hasn't the Kaiser got anything over here?

"In the House."
It has been a quiet week in Parliament so far as we are personally concerned, and we are saving our powder for the Peace Treaty Debate.

Alien Restrictions.
We have, however, been able to put in a few attendances on the Aliens Restriction Committee, for the purpose of backing up Sir John Butcher, Sir Ernest Wild, Sir Herbert Nield, Mr. Ronald O'Neill, and other stalwarts who are fighting so gallantly in the cause of "Britain for the British." More anon.

Sir Hamar Greenwood.
By the way, Sir Hamar Greenwood, who has been representing, with conspicuous ability, the Home Office on this Committee and elsewhere, has now gone a step higher as head of the Overseas Trade Department. He has come on enormously since we left him at Westminster seven years ago.

A Chance for Wilson.
Many readers suggest that if Mr. Wilson is so intent upon not putting a crushing financial burden on the shoulders of Germany, America might cancel the Allies' war debt to her. We *don't* think!

French Leave.
We all know the phrase—but it has a very special meaning in the case of soldiers now over here on leave from France, and due to return on the 19th.

"Coal, Coal, Coal!"
We don't look like hearing this once familiar cry during next winter. The miners have got their terms—good luck to them—and, as usual, the consumer pays!

The Food Position.
We hope there will be no panic in this matter. There is plenty of food for all, provided (1) we shoot the profiteers, and (2) strictly control the supplies to Germany. By the way, what is America doing for dear Fritz?

OUR DRAMATIC SURPRISE

See pages 10 *and* 11.

Wicked Wesleyans.
We have been terribly shocked, on looking at the Victory Bond Scheme of the Wesleyan and General Assurance Company, to read: "You have a chance of securing £100 for one payment of £3 15s." Wherever do the Directors expect to go when they die?

American Shipbuilding.
Those were alarming figures which Mr. R. P. Houston gave in the House of Commons the other day, showing that America already has a greater mercantile tonnage than Britain, and is building at twice as fast a rate—and every day we are falling behind in the race. Oh, wily Wilson!

Poor Retail Traders.
We suppose it is inevitable that whatever day were fixed for Peace celebrations—if we *must* have them—some class or other would have to suffer, but it is very rough upon the retail traders that their one day of business should be selected—and equally rough on their customers.

Find the Lady.
There is much silly rumour going round as to the identity of the unknown lady referred to in the Westminster divorce case; and it is only fair to those whose names are being bandied about that the mystery should be cleared up. Such tender regard for the female backslider would not have been shown had the parties been in humble circumstances.

The Kaiser's Trial.
Wonderful how the Press is coming round to our view that it would be a gross folly to bring the Kaiser to London—isn't it?

Peace Amnesty.
We observe that France is to extend clemency to 150,000 prisoners. We hope our own Government will not be less merciful.

Sir Eyre Crowe.
So this Teutonic-tainted gentleman is to be the British member of the Commission to supervise the carrying out of the Peace Treaty.

That Cotton Deal.
How Mr. Martin must be laughing up his sleeve at the gullibility of the Disposal Board! Personally, we should be happy to buy everything else it has on hand on similar terms.

A Word with Putney.
One of our readers tells us that at the Pension Office in the Upper Richmond Road, wounded soldiers have to stand about for hours waiting for their money. Now then, Putney!

The "*Daily Herald*."
When *is* the Government going to move in this matter? Of whom are they afraid? By the way, we were in error when we recently attributed to Mr. Kauffer that "cock-a-doodle-doo" poster—which, we understand, was designed by Mr. Lovat Fraser.

Cheap Luncheons.
We should like to know whether the A. B. C. receives any subsidy in respect of its catering for the Treasury Kitchen, at the Privy Council Office, Whitehall, and if not, why they cannot supply the general public with luncheons at prices as moderate as those charged to His Majesty's Judges.

Sleepy Britain.
Amongst the licences granted since the Armistice to import goods from Germany, four were for "special machines not obtainable in this country," five were for "sample machines to be copied here," and one for "hosiery needles of special types, without which many hosiery machines would stand idle." When will our own manufacturers wake up?

Lest We Forget!
A returned prisoner of war, who worked for two years in German coal mines, tells us it was the custom of the men to subscribe a day's pay to provide zinc coffins for those of their comrades who died during their captivity, and who were buried in the proximity of the mines. "I wonder," he says, "if they will ever be brought back to England." So do we.

Local Limerick.

They've appointed as clerk down at Bromley
A lady who's probably comely,
For the Council declare
No ex-Service man there
Is fit for the job! *We swear dumbly.*

The Farmer's Daughter.

Overheard at Sevenoaks: Farmer's daughter —"It's iniquitous the Controller should fix the price of milk at 9d. a quart. We could and were only too pleased to sell at 6d. There's an abundant supply, and the pigs are getting the greater part of it. Eggs can be sold at 3d. each with a big margin." Perhaps the farmer would tell us what he thinks of his daughter.

Denton's Clericals.

Though most of the clergy of Denton, near Manchester, are very fond of such theatrical exhibitions as walking through the town in their ecclesiastical millinery and carrying a load of church furniture, their ostentatious absence—we except one, who was ill—from the Memorial Service in the Market Place, to which they had been invited by the Peace Celebration Committee, does not present them in a Christian light. They prove themselves mere apostles of intolerance and bigotry in refusing to associate with Nonconformist ministers in such a common religious service.

Not Guilty?

A Mansfield miner doesn't like our pointing out that since the colliers obtained double wages they are not producing half the quantity of coal. It is not the fault of the miners, he says: it's the other fellow's. "Any man at our pit could send nearly double the quantity if he could get the tubs to put it in. It is the management's fault; not the men's. If there were good roads, machinery, plenty of ponies, there would be plenty of coal got, and the men instead of earning 15s. or 16s. a day would earn 25s. or 30s." But in all these respects surely the pits are in little worse case than when the miner received half his present wages?

Hunshevik Bakers.

It is creditable to the general sense of patriotism in the operative bakers that are solution, moved and seconded at the London District Board, "that we again admit enemy alien workers as members" has been turned down by a majority of 22 against 4. The proposal was evidently made in the spirit of aggressive Hunshevism, but Huns are unacceptable as working comrades to the majority of British operative bakers in London. In many ways this is good news for the public, because there is no doubt that a number of these alien enemies, formerly in the operative bakers' unions, were strike agitators before the war, strike agitators during the war, and are strike agitators still.

Trust and Mistrust.

Unemployed men get their "donation" three times a week—on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—leaving them free, if they are not found out, to work on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. On Tuesday a discharged soldier found a job which started on Wednesday. On signing off at the Exchange he wanted and expected his money for the day he had been unemployed. "Imagine my surprise," says he, "when I was told they could not pay me for Tuesday as the day did not expire until 4 p.m., and it was then only 2.30 p.m.—and I might be going to work until 4 p.m. You see they trust us three days a week, but won't trust us 1½ hours." We hope he ended up at 4 p.m. all right and—touched.

"Fivepence a Minute."

Under this heading we told about the mother of a wounded soldier, Private Farrant, of Uckfield, who had been wheeling him in a bath-chair. Tired, she went home, one station, by rail, a six minutes' trip, and was charged 2s. 6d. for the bath-chair. As we condemned the Railway Company, it is fair to state they have now refunded the money, acknowledging our contention that the charge should not have been made. Upon request for a disabled soldier's chair ticket, one will be issued free.

Stranded.

This is pitiful. It is an advertisement in a Devonshire paper, inserted by an ex-officer, "wounded and gassed." He has taken up farm-training, and has "absolutely nowhere" for self, wife, and three children to lay their heads. And the poor fellow wants any "house, cottage, or even a habitable barn anywhere"! In the hope some good soul may come to the rescue we reprint, without being asked, his address:—L. J. P., care of Mrs. Howard, Hill Side, Honiton. Now then, Devonshire!

"A CRUEL AND WANTON BLUNDER."
See page 6.

No Sunday Cinema.

The Sunday saints have done the trick in East Ham. Though, judging by the plebiscite of 12,000 in favour, there is a considerable body of the population in the borough which wants the cinemas open on Sundays, the Borough Council—under the influence of the sabbatarian bigots of the local Free Church Council—have turned down the proposal by twelve votes to four. People who want to see Sunday pictures in East Ham will, as usual, find them in the streets.

Blarney for Beer.

It's a lovely game the Government are having with the beer drinkers. "In removing the restrictions on output," says the Secretary of the Brewers' Society, "the Government must have known that it could not have any immediate practical effect, except that as regards any further public complaint the onus is now transferred from the Government to the brewers." However, rumour has it that everything comes to him who waits; even if not more beer, less water.

No Takers.

Notwithstanding all the zealous efforts of the Bishop of Worcester, there are no takers in Holy Mother Church for the living of Cotheridge in his lordship's diocese. When we say living, that is rather a camouflageous infacticide. To speak Gospel, the stipend is £40, and the last Vicar, the Rev. F. T. Minchall, died in Worcester Workhouse six months ago from starvation. To miserable sinners like ourselves, it seems that the scandal of such a state of things must stink to Heaven.

Straw.

What is the Government going to do about the straw they have bought, and when do they propose to do it? If a Beverley farmer who writes to us is to be credited, they have in many cases paid a deposit on it, and in others nothing at all. Farm stackyards are full, and unless the Government fetch the straw before next harvest corn will have to be stacked in the fields—"a very undesirable thing, as a threshing machine is often unable to get on a field during the wet weather." Of course, if the Government don't care a straw for the straw——.

The Faroe Isles.

In connection with the reorganisation of our Consular system, we would direct special attention to the position of things in these Isles. In the past our interests have been in the hands of pro-Huns.

The Artful Way.

One out-of-work was offered a job by the Worthing Labour Exchange. His home, family, and cultivated allotment are in Worthing, and the job they offered was in Wales. As he could not see his way to running two homes, his pay was promptly stopped. From what we hear, this seems quite the usual method of reducing the number of donations paid. It is tricky, but very unfair.

New Zealand's Lure.

To clear up any misunderstanding, the remarks we made about general conditions in Australia do not apply to New Zealand. Clothes are cheap there, and food prices are quite satisfactory—for instance: butter 1s. 7d. a lb., sugar 3d. a lb., mutton chops 7d a lb., steak 10d. and 1s. Just think of it! Mutton chops at 7d. a lb! Doesn't that make you lick *your* chops? However, with all her high food prices, we prefer old England still.

A Herring Row.

With the controlled price of herrings at £6 6s. a cran, the fishermen are dumping their catches into the Moray rather than allow them to be bought on landing at 5s. a cran for the benefit of the parasitical profiteer. An average cran is 1,080 herrings. At 5s. the wholesale buyer gets them at 18 a penny, and sells them cured at 11d. lb., or 2d. or 3d. each. It is an extortionate profit, and despite the shocking waste of food of which the Moray fishermen are guilty, their action in the circumstances related can scarcely excite surprise.

Dropping Like the Gentle Due.

Percy Giles Holder, of Crofton Hall, is a prosperous solicitor. He has had a car for fifteen years, but he never knew he should have a driver's licence. The other day, owing to an accident, he was stopped and asked for his licence, and then made his pretty confession of ignorance. He repeated it to the Ludlow Bench, and, instead of putting its finger to its nose, the Bench seems to have thought it a very plausible excuse, and fined him ten shillings, including costs. But then, you see, he was a solicitor. Frederick Babbage, butcher, is a profiteer. He is a young man in a prosperous way of business, grade A1, and has never served in the Army. He was convicted of a considerable overcharge, and he was fined £5 including costs. It pays such tradesmen to submit to a fine of £5 occasionally for the sake of the extra profits dropping in day after day. So that for licensed butchers and unlicensed motorists Ludlow is a happy place.

Still They Come!

And this is even worse. Sheriff Neish, of Dundee, has been at it again. After sentencing a crofter to £2 fine or twenty days for the shocking cruelty of cutting the toes off sixteen hens because they scraped up his seeds, he had before him a boy of seventeen, named William Colliston, who though under age has been in the Army. For taking four shillings and eightpence from an automatic gas meter he has sent the lad to prison for 60 days. Since Neish has so little dislike for gross cruelty, and so great respect for cash, we presume that if a Conchy cut off Neish's toes he would reward him with a contribution from the poor-box.

Local Limerick.

All the North Riding schools have been shut;
Every teacher "downed canes" like a Nut,
And the Kids say, "We like
This new teachers' strike,
It's the schools, and not us, that they cut!"

What's Sauce for the Goose ——.

An ex-soldier drives home one of our points, that unless the employers are made to register their wants at an Exchange, it is almost waste of time for men to go there for jobs. Our reader has drawn, for 14 weeks, unemployment pay which he would rather be without, and has not had one situation suggested to him by the local Bureau. In his own inquiries for work, the highest bid was £1 a week—to a married man. Everybody should register their vacancies, including the Government.

Stout and Rum.

Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, must also be a pumpuritan. He has rum on the brain, anyway. "Unfortunately this man was drunk," he said, in summing up a case he was trying. "I don't know, however, whether he is to be blamed for that if our Army authorities have been in the habit of giving a rum ration to our soldiers and thus training them to drink." This is always the way with Chief Justices and others addicted to immoderate libations of tea and pop.

Making Criminals.

We wonder if the Chichester Magistrates, Mr. H. Lovett and Major Jellicorse, ever stole an apple when they were boys, and, if they did, whether they went to gaol for it? Perhaps, if they had, they would not have been so monstrously cruel to the two youths, Albert Line and James Blake Ainscow, who were convicted of stealing a sandwich valued sixpence from a bag on the shoulder of another youth. The Bench, remembering that they were once boys, sentenced the two lads to fourteen days' imprisonment apiece. We only wish we had the sentencing of the two Magistrates.

Those German Razors.

It is quite true that soldiers arriving on the leave boats from Germany are bringing over Hun-made razors in large quantities. They are bought cheaply and sold at a higher rate to thoughtless or unpatriotic people. One correspondent blandly assures us that Tommy "pinches" his stock-in-trade, but we refuse to believe that to be the usual practice. One argument is, would we deprive the soldier of a little profit? The answer is that the traffic is unworthy, for the simple reason that the seller who makes a few shillings is at the same time advertising German goods.

The Guardians of the Rich.

Forty shillings or 21 days was the sentence in each case. Samuel Cooper worked in the docks for 22 years. He was found coming out with two tins of food, the property of the Cunard Line, concealed upon him. He said he had found them under the dunnage wood in the hold of a ship and thought they had been abandoned. The other case was of the brutal cruelty of Angus Graham to his 13-year-old daughter. On two successive days he pummelled her with his fists. On the second occasion she became unconscious, and then he lifted her up by the hair and punched her again. In inflicting the fine the Southampton Bench advised Graham "to keep off the drink." We should advise those Magistrates to keep off the Bench.

Laundry Prices.

An officer, recently demobbed, has opened a laundry. He decided not to profiteer, being disgusted with the way his wife had been robbed. He finds he can pay his employees a fair and honest wage, make a decent profit, and yet charge lower prices than any others. So, you see, it *can* be done,

An Oft-Told Tale.

A widow with a little home of her own tried to get work through the Labour Exchange as a daily cook. She was duly sent to a job, but on arrival found that what was wanted was a general servant, to sleep in. As this would have entailed sacrificing her household gods, she reluctantly declined it, and was promptly denied any unemployment donation. Of course she is out of work, but that is considered nobody's trouble but her own.

'Ware Ware!

The Ware District Council has received a shock. They advertised for a Fuel and Light Overseer. There were big duties and a small salary—£70, the officer appointed having to provide his own "Offices." Preference was farcically offered to an ex-Service man. Five poor devils applied for the beggarly berth, including two soldiers who did not belong to Ware. So no appointment was made, and the Council decided to advertise again. Perhaps it will have the sense to double the salary.

British Captains for U.S.A.?

There is no improvement in the parlous plight of the thousands of masters and officers without a ship. In America there are ships without officers, and the fine captains of our Mercantile Marine would journey thither for the sake of their families, but for one deterrent. To command an American boat, the master must become an American subject. Our suggestion is that the British and American Governments should arrange for such employment without consequent loss of nationality.

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: 94
For Registration Forms see page 20.

Hit by the Strike.

The principal sufferers by the cotton strike are the wives and children, in their thousands, while the paralysing of an industry also distresses many innocent men. We have in our mind the fact that numbers of ex-soldiers have just gone into the cotton factories—and are thrown out again. They have not had time to join a Union, so there is no strike pay for them, and no unemployment money, because it is not paid during a strike!

Cruelty and Calves.

The cruel spectacle which we presented to our readers last week of calves being driven and worried through the crowded streets of London by drovers and small boys, brings us a letter from Exmouth, where "a young calf fell utterly exhausted on the pavement in Rolle Street and was powerless to move" until a handcart was fetched. According to a local reporter, "it was one of the luckless creatures which are chivvied through the streets on market days by crowds of boys." There is reason to believe that this sort of cruelty is common throughout the country. To pretend that it is not cruelty is sheer insensibility.

Scurvy.

Waacs have been scurvily treated in many ways. For instance, a woman of 37 was passed fit for service as cook in France in October, 1917. She contracted chronic rheumatism, and in February, 1918, was discharged unfit. She is unable to do any work at present, and the doctor advises special treatment of her case. The Pensions Committee refer her to the Waacs Headquarters, but they won't even trouble to reply to her letters!

More "Unionism."

This time it is the National Union of Ships' Stewards, &c. One of their members joined up in 1915, service to count as membership. Recently demobbed, he called at the London office, and was told he was no longer a member, as all enlisted men's accounts had been destroyed after 18 months' absence, if nothing had been reported from them. He objected he had not been told of that, was informed he must start as a new member, and, when he objected a second time, was asked, "Why did you join the Army?" He had the pleasure of saying why, but the Union is still up against him.

Scotch in Edinburgh.

"In view of the fact that if you happen to reside in Edinburgh and become an invalid, they would not sell you a drop of whisky, even if your life depended on it," a resident of Auld Reekie sends us an advt. she has cut from a newspaper published in the city: "Scotch Whisky, as well in barrels as in bottles, to be bought by Danish wine dealer. Apply enclosing Price Current to . . . Copenhagen." It is notorious that whisky is leaving the country under Government licence. As charity begins at home, whisky ought to be made to stay there.

Cheap.

Whatever in this country goes dear, it must be said that cruelty to animals still goes cheap. It was proved against George Jones, St. John's Road, Lostock, in the Bolton Police Court, that he fastened a rope round the neck of a cat, banged its head on some steps, and then "put his foot on the body"; and that "when the poor beast was exhumed, all the ribs were found to have been broken and an eye had left the socket." This was the cat's punishment, according to this iniquitous brute's story, for killing a chicken; *his* punishment, by decision of the Magistrates, was £10 and costs. Strictly speaking, he ought to have received the cat o' nine tails for what he did to the cat o' one tail; but that failing by the law, then 14 days of oakum to pick.

Aldermanic.

An Alderman went down the Strand,
Mr. Barnard of Old Bethnal Green;
Incautious, shortsighted, and bland,
He stared at the girls to be seen.
As he walked by their side in a dream
A p'liceman came up to know why;
But alas all in vain when he tried to explain!
So he gave in his name with a sigh.
At Bow Street he could not disband
Till he paid forty bob out of hand;
Thus if he is wise,
In spite of his eyes,
He'll give a long miss to the Strand.

Big "Bullets" Offer.

For this week only the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition has been increased to £500. In addition, 20 valuable Holiday Prizes are to be won. Why not try for one? See page 20.

Candid Communications.——

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. E. Shortt, Home Secretary.

DEAR MR. SHORTT,—I am sure you will understand when I plead for clemency for Butterfield, the ex-soldier who has been sentenced to six months for theft and fraud when acting as a temporary postman. Butterfield, who was wounded 12 times in the war, promised his chum who fell by his side that he would look after the wife and kiddies. He kept his word, married the sorrowing widow, and has been supporting the wife and the chum's three children on the magnificent wage of 47s. per week. I know a soldier's record is no excuse for crime, but this is surely one of those cases in which the justice of the Luton Magistrate may well be tempered by the mercy of the Home Secretary. Don't you agree with me?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Farrer, Surrey Public House Trust, Guildford.

DEAR LORD FARRER,—I think, with you, that if somebody were to invent "a non-alcoholic drink which makes one as cheerful as a good glass of champagne does," he would deserve well of humanity. The nearest to this delectable nectar, from the non-intoxicating point of view, was the Government wine they sold at most hours of the clock in the early days of the war. When last heard of, it was being used in all respectable households as a death lure for flies. Try it, my Lord, in your bath. JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable, Blackpool.

DEAR "CHIEF,"—Many complaints reach me of the great increase in Blackpool recently of the class of auction rooks and sharks who prey on unsophisticated people who are lured into their clutches. I admit it is not the business of the police to protect the mere fool from his folly; but careful watching by the police at these auction-rooms will easily establish the fact that the auctioneers are gangs working together in obtaining money by means of tricks, and in many instances by false pretences. They disgrace the good name of your town. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Prior Norbert Wyllie, O.P., Corpus Christi Church, Maiden Lane, W.C.

DEAR PADRE,—Whatever their religion, most people will I think echo the sentiments you expressed in your sermon at the annual Actors' Mass: "Whatever they may say, children of the stage, of your profession—one thing they cannot say, that you have not been supremely, stupendously generous in your lives." If works as well as faith count for righteousness, then, despite all the temptations amid which its scenes are set, assuredly the stage need have no fear to answer the call-up to the Seat of Judgment. JOHN BULL.

To Rear-Admiral von Reuter, Hun Palace, Donington.

DEAR VON SCUTTLE,—Suppose one Englander Admiral break der parole und scuttle British ships in der Hun vaters, vahst ist dasz adt heem yo do, dell me? Eem comfy make in der closed modor gar vhen yo gedt heem, midt der Great Officer of der British prisoner camp to haff der honnor of gonduct heem to der beautiful reception rooms? I do nodt dink. I kno vhat yo do. You droo der streets heem march midt Hun soldiers to prod heem, und leedtle boys to jeer at heem, und Hun civvies to kick heem, und Hun vomen to spit at heem. Vell, if I vhas der Herr Churchill, I der zame to you do. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Evans Jones, Coal Controller, London.

DEAR SIR EVAN,—I hear from the little village of Thundridge, in Herts, that last winter a great deal of hardship was occasioned through lack of coal; in fact, for weeks on end the villagers were coalless. A Women's Institute has now been established in the place. "We are in a position to advance the money," says a lady connected with the Institute, "if we can obtain the coal. As none of the women burns 5 tons a year, they are not rationed. If a n amount up to 1 ton each could be obtained for the winter, much hardship and even suffering would be obviated." Perhaps you will be good enough to inquire what it is possible for your Department to do in the matter? JOHN BULL.

To H. C. A. Bingley, Esq., Magistrate, Tower Bridge Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that the other day, when you fined William Moore, a carman and contractor, of Peckham, you stated that "the culprit had been before you on several occasions for cruelty to horses, and yet you could not help feeling sorry for him." And the reason? At one time he was in a large way of business, and had met with misfortune, and was now old, poor, and stone deaf, and not really fit to have the care of dumb animals. Surely to kick a horse on the legs, and strike it on the head with the butt end of a whip, is sheer brutality, and I have never before heard it suggested that poverty is an excuse for cruelty. Try again! JOHN BULL.

To Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, Vicar of St. Peter's, Thanet.

DEAR VICAR,—It is refreshing to hear of a gentleman of your cloth resolutely setting his face against the outworn superstition that the prayers of the clergy avail to procure rain when required. I have always thought it an impertinence to petition the Almighty to divert the logical course of natural phenomena in the interests of a particular district; and I am confident that the sooner those puerile supplications are expunged from the prayer-book, the better the saner section of church-goers will be pleased.

JOHN BULL.

To J. Symmons, Esq., J.P., Kingston-on-Thames Board of Guardians.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—Hearty congratulations on the plucky manner in which you championed the plea of the adult inmates of the workhouse to enjoy a pint of ale to celebrate Peace. You succeeded in getting the decision transferred from the "special committee" of (with the exception of yourself) Stigginses to the Board; but here again the killjoy element predominated. Let me know the names of these unpatriotic killjoys. Broadminded men like yourself and your brother, Mr. I. Symmons, the London Stipendiary, are badly needed. JOHN BULL.

JUST-SO AND THE UNJUST.

BENCH BACKS JUSTICE BOTH WAYS AND LOSES.

The shameful inconsistency of country Magistrates has become a by-word. But you don't often get such a good example as the one given recently by the Bench at the Alnwick Petty Sessions. They had four chances of going wrong, and they took them all. Joseph Dickinson, a labourer, assaulted his wife so violently by gripping her by the throat, flinging her on the bed, and kicking her in the stomach that her child was born prematurely and discoloured, and died next day. It is true that the child was not his, but that does not excuse such a brutal assault—especially as he had forgiven her three months before. The Bench fined him £2, and one guinea solicitor's fee! Next case, please! "Frank Healey, a miner—charged with trespassing in pursuit of game." Fined £1 4s. Almost as much as the infanticide got! Next! Thomas Mallaburn, charged with stealing cake, bean-meal and oats value 19s. 3d. from a farm. He denied the charge; the evidence was merely that he was found in possession of the stuff—which he said he had bought, and may have bought. Maximum penalty of £20. Finally, Robert Flannigan, who had picked up and taken away a ring he found in the yard of a house, was sent to prison for one month with hard labour. This savage sentence for a technical offence was "justified" by two previous convictions. But compare that first sentence and this last. Kick a woman almost to death and we'll fine, say the Alnwick Bench, but lay one finger on our sacred property and hang you go into gaol. Let's bang those Alnwick Magistrates off the Bench!

RAMPERS AND ROOMS.

TENANTS WHO MUST PAY THROUGH THE NOSE.

It is a bad sign of the times when poor people, sighing for a house or rooms, are driven to offer large sums by way of premium or bonus. We have frequently referred to the evil, because it looks like a gross violation of the law when a landlord charges and accepts a big bonus on top of the rent which Parliament says he may not raise. Yet newspapers all over the country are crowded with advertisements offering, or asking, bonuses of £5, £10, and even £50 for small house property. One weekly journal devoted to "To Let" advertisements, used to be crowded with offers of empty houses and rooms yearning for tenants. Its columns are now filled with money offers from would-be tenants craving for accommodation. The working-class is hit very hard by this. Nor are they the only sufferers. Professional people are fleeced to a tune even higher. From a list supplied by a West-end firm of house agents, we select a few items, all concerning unfurnished flats:—"Beaumanor Mansions, 5 rooms, rent £130, premium £250; Cranley Gardens, 7 rooms, rent £300, premium £250; Embankment Gardens, 7 rooms, £198 4s., premium only £400." After that, 5 rooms, Coleherne Court, rent, £145, premium £200, seems like shop-soiled stock going cheap. Altogether, it seems that the man leaving the Army, be he private or officer, desirous of making a home for himself, stands small chance of doing so unless he pays through the nose. The housing problem is a puzzle to be solved; the premium business is a scandal to be squelched—and that at once, before grave trouble arises.

THE VALUE OF A VOICE.

AMAZING SUGGESTION BY MINISTRY OF LABOUR.

For over ten years Mr. William Heughan held a prominent and lucrative position as the principal bass in a well-known Opera Company, but at the outbreak of war he promptly sacrificed the whole of his career and prospects to become a lieutenant in the Gordon Highlanders. After a long period of service, he lost his voice so completely that the orders he gave to his men were almost inaudible, and his medical classification was reduced to Grade III. He continued, however, to render invaluable service as Revolver Instructor to the Highland Reserve Brigade until shortly after the Armistice, when the throat specialist at Craigleith Hospital, Edinburgh, stated that a six months' course of training would completely restore him. Without means, Mr. Heughan applied for an official training grant of ten guineas a month for six months, and on the strength of this application a well-known teacher undertook to give the necessary training. At the end of five months Mr. Heughan found that he was gradually recovering his vocal powers, and he was naturally looking forward at some future date to resume a brilliant career. But he reckoned without the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour—for this effete body refused to make any grant to complete the training "as the case does not appear to be one calling for State aid." The letter also suggested that Mr. Heughan should abandon the profession in which he gained such eminence and adopt another one. Unless the Department can promptly mend its ways, it must be ruthlessly reconstructed.

A CHANGE OF PROPRIETOR—SHIP.

(The Proprietors of "John Bull" have bought the German Submarine "Deutschland.")

**"I saw a ship a-sailing, a-saili-' on the sea,
It now belongs to Mr. Bull—it once belonged to me!"**

"SOULLESS BUREAUCRACY."

AN EVEN MORE SOULLESS SEQUEL.

Readers will recall our story, under the above heading, of Private T. H. Knight, 571694, Labour Corps, formerly a driver in the R.F.A., who, having joined in May, 1915, and been wounded and gassed in France in the following March, was, after hospital treatment and about twelve months' convalescence, marked "unfit for further active service," and put on search-light duty, at Woolwich. However, his heroic spirit would not let him rest, and when, in June, 1917, volunteers were called for, he again came forward, was accepted for "active," sent to France, and twelve months later was wounded and gassed again. Transferred to the Labour Corps, on his return to England in September, 1918, he was one day taken ill when on leave, and since the 17th of that month, when he started out to go to hospital, he has neither been seen nor heard of. Notwithstanding his splendid record of service, he at once technically became a deserter, his wife's allowance was stopped, and she with her two children were thrown on the Parish. That so brave a man deserted not only the Colours but his wife and family we cannot believe, and in our original paragraph we suggested that he had either—in a moment of mental aberration—taken his own life, was suffering from loss of memory, or had perhaps died unknown. Now comes the cruellest sequel possible to imagine. His sorrowing wife has received the following letter from W. H. Sims, Settlement and Prosecution Officer, Poplar:—

> MADAM,—A warrant has this day been granted, at the Thames Police Court, for the arrest of your husband for the desertion of yourself and children. Should you at any time obtain news of his whereabouts, please let me know at once, or should you see your husband in the street, a police-constable will arrest him upon producing to him this note.

A pretty task to set a bereaved wife and mother, who has not only given her husband in the service of her country, but has been reduced by soulless bureaucracy to unmerited pauperism!

WOES OF THE WIDOWS.

"NEW BROOMS" NEEDED FOR CLEAN SWEEP.

It is not improbable that in the process of reconstruction Boards of Guardians and all the antiquated paraphernalia of the Poor Law will vanish from the midst. And when they go, let us hope the poor widow, left with children to face the world penniless and alone, will fare better in the hard struggle. A pitiful case is before us—one of thousands. The woman's husband, a colliery engine-winder, died leaving his widow with four small children and one unborn. Afterwards she had "a very bad illness," which soon ate up all the insurance money she drew. She was then compelled to apply to the Guardians and was granted 5s. 6d. for each of the four children; nothing for herself, though the Guardians knew her condition and all it involved. Every week she has been compelled to sell something out of the house for food; and it seemed like robbing the youngsters when she had a meal herself. Now, when "nearly everything" her husband left has gone, the Guardians have granted her 5s. 6d. a week on her own behalf as a special favour, with careful instructions not to tell, "as it would only cause discontent among the rest of the paupers."

The system is awry. How is it to be expected of this woman that she shall bring into the world a healthy child? How is she to pay the expenses of her confinement? How is she to care for her other children in her travail? There is the 30s. maternity benefit. How far can that go in such a case? Clearly there is only the workhouse for her and the children—"and people look down on *workhouse brats*." This is a woman speaking out of her tragedy through her pride, her humiliation, and her pain. Her bitterness does not startle us. It is natural, and it is right. Reconstruction must do these bereft women justice. For the nation's sake, and for their own, the poor widowed mothers of British children must have the adequate help of the State, untainted by the sense of pauperism. It is the duty of our statesmen to see to this with all speed.

THE WOMEN'S LEGION.

JOY RIDING AROUND RICHMOND.

We are the last to want to do the dear girls out of a bit of innocent amusement, but the plight of the poor tax-payer is becoming so painful, largely owing to the wasteful extravagance of the various spending departments of the Government during the last five years, that every chance of saving a little public money must be seized. We therefore venture to suggest that the joy riding indulged in by the Women's Legion stationed in Broome Road, Teddington, by means of the hundred or so motor-cars parked in the field opposite their headquarters, should come to a stop. The dear things look very pretty and all that, packed four or five in a car, sometimes accompanied by officers or civilian lady friends or relatives, as they spin through Richmond; but all the parts they are wearing out, and all the petrol they are wasting, have to be paid for out of the depleted purses of the persecuted tax-payers—who, while the war was on, were willing to grin and bear it, but now that peace of a sort prevails, begin to feel inclined to scowl and forcibly put a stop to it.

HARD TAX ON SMALL INCOMES.

PATHETIC PLEA OF A 70-YEAR-OLD LADY.

A lady who has worked hard in mental nursing from 18 years of age to 70 has managed to save a sum sufficient to produce an income of £160, including two annuities of £50, one a gift, the other purchased by herself. This the Government in a fatuous phrase calls "unearned" income. "Now," in her own words, "the untaxable amount is reduced to £120, which with coal and lighting nearly double the price, and everything else three times the price, represents only £40 per annum income in comparison with £160 when things were a normal price." Undoubtedly the tax is a cruel hardship in such a case, and there are thousands of women in her position. We agree there ought to be differentiation, reduction, or larger abatement on these small incomes so derived. Taxes are likely to press heavily on all, cruelly on many, for long years ahead; but it is the business and duty of the Government to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

NO MORE STALE BREAD!

A WASTEFUL, OBSOLETE AND OBNOXIOUS ORDER.

For a long time there has been a strong feeling of feduptitude, in respect of the stale bread forced on the public by the operation of the regulations of the Ministry of Food. There is no longer any reason or excuse for the twelve-hours-old Order. The prosecutions for infringment which the Ministry have been launching of late in various parts of the country against recalcitrant bakers savour of persecution, for their object is to enforce by Magisterial penalty a decree obsolete as a measure of public usefulness or necessity, in order to retain it as a measure of public aversion and annoyance. In some parts of the country the Stale-bread Order is a dead letter; in others it is a fetish to be feared. Leicester asserts it with fines of £5 and costs; Tottenham laughs it out of court with mulcts of half-a-crown. Without any question, there has been for a long time a great waste of bread caused by the Order—a waste prompted in the householder by a distaste for stale food now that there is no longer any reason of self-sacrifice why one should eat it, and consequent in the baker on the large number of old loaves left on his hands. The time is long overdue, then, for the rescission of the twelve-hour regulation, and it appears the Ministry of Food have made up their minds not to vex the trade or the public much longer with it. Ere this be read, the Order may have passed into the limbo where pass sooner or later all useless and aggravating things. So mote it be.

A GROSS AND HIDEOUS BLUNDER.

EX-OFFICER ORDERED TO THE LOCK HOSPITAL.

THERE have been many cases of the blunders of red-tape inflicting pain—and often poverty. But of all the cases which have been brought to our notice—and our pages are too small to give publicity to more than a meagre percentage—the one to which we now direct the attention of the Government is at once the most inexplicable, and the most cruel.

That the full enormity of the offence may be understood, let us briefly trace the war record of the victim of it. At the outbreak of war, he was holding an educational appointment of some consequence in Singapore. But like a true Briton, he sacrificed everything to come home and join the Army. Having a wife and two children, he might well have eased his conscience, and stayed where he was. But he was determined to do his bit, and, bringing his family with him, found himself a private in the Middlesex Regiment—not long after the Hun had thrown down the challenge. He made a fine soldier: his record secured for him promotion in the field; and, after being wounded, he, like hundreds of others, fell ill, and ultimately was invalided out of the Army suffering from neurasthenia.

At first he received a pension of £140 a year, reduced as he began slowly to regain his health and was able to do a certain amount of work. But nerve trouble is not easily cured, and doctors' bills ran up. It might have been expected that a considerate Government, to say nothing of a grateful country, would have met these bills—expenses incurred in seeking to regain health impaired by war service. But that was not the way of the Pensions Department, and this gallant Lieutenant was offered what, after all, was the next best thing, a course of special hospital treatment, in the hope of restoring his nervous system to something like its normal state.

And here begins the cruel part of the story—a story almost incredible, and one we should hesitate to believe were it not that we have before us as we write the original documents on which it is based. The Lieutenant was staying in a private hotel at Earl's Court—one, be it said, where the telephone is very public, and every word spoken becomes common property. He was expecting a telegram from the Ministry of Pensions advising him of the institution to which he was to be sent for his nerve treatment, and while out on business he rang up the hotel to know whether such a message had been received. At his request a maid opened the telegram, and in the hearing of his wife and others, read out the instructions:—

> Arrangements made for your admission to London Lock Hospital, Harrow Road, Friday, 4th inst.—Proceed at once. Med. Pensions, London.

There is no need to beat about the bush. Everyone knows that the Lock Hospital is an institution for the cure and treatment of venereal disease, and everyone who heard that telegram read out could come only to one conclusion—that this young officer was suffering from what has been called the "hidden plague," that he was a man in such a state of illness as to deny him the "society" of his wife. It needs no lively imagination to picture the consternation of all concerned. We can only marvel at the mildness of the telegram sent in answer to such a libellous and insulting message. Here it is: "I much regret I cannot avail myself of your offer to be admitted to the hospital to which you refer." The Lieutenant had actually gone to Harrow Road, where he was told that only women are treated there, and was forthwith sent to the male branch of the institution in Soho.

But meanwhile, in his anger and distress, he had gone to the expense of having himself certified free of the loathsome disease with which the Pensions Department had so wantonly saddled him; and, needless to add, when he presented himself at the other branch of the Lock Hospital, they told him he could not be admitted—there was nothing the matter with him. Dr. W. Spencer Lewis, who had examined him, and found him "free from any trace" of any venereal disease, had sent to Dr. E. Burnet, of Harley Street, for confirmation. Here is his certificate: "The blood tested for the Wassermann reaction is negative."

And now we come to the part of the story which leaves us blank with astonishment. It might have been thought that the Pensions Department on receiving the young officer's mildly worded telegram of protest would have looked into the matter, discovered their hideous mistake, and at once done everything possible to make amends for so grave a blunder. But to charge an ex-officer with suffering from the effects of immorality is nothing. He had been told to go to the Lock Hospital and his refusal was a breach of discipline, an offence against the regulations, an insult to blundering red-tape. If he wouldn't go by telegraphic instruction perhaps a written threat would put him in a more complacent and accommodating frame of mind. And so this letter was written:—

> Ministry of Pensions,
> Cromwell House, Millbank.
> 8th July, 1919.
>
> SIR,—With reference to your telegram, I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to request you to inform this Department the reason of your refusal to undergo the treatment recommended and arranged.
>
> I am to point out that an Officer's unreasonable refusal to undergo treatment renders him liable to have his pension reduced by half.
>
> I am, Sir,
> Your obedient servant,
> C. C. COLONA.
> For Director-General of Medical Services.

You notice the wording—"treatment recommended and arranged": who "recommended" it, and who "arranged" that this gallant young fellow should be so grossly insulted? "Unreasonable refusal to undergo treatment." The man who has made this blunder, and the Director-General in whose department such gross and criminal carelessless is possible, should be forthwith dismissed the Service. Meanwhile, we refrain from touching upon the domestic side of this story, and would conclude by asking what has the Pensions Minister to say about it, and what compensation is to be awarded the victim of so cruel and hideous a mistake?

WHO BENEFITS?

EIGHT WEEKS' COURSES AT SEDGE FEN.

By arrangement with the owners, Messrs. Chivers and Sons, the jam manufacturers and fruit farmers of Histon, Cambs., the Government last May established an Agricultural Training Centre for discharged and demobilised soldiers, on the Sedge Fen Farm, Lakenheath, and here relay parties of about 25 men are sent periodically to go through an eight weeks' course of instruction and practical training in fruit growing and market gardening, being employed on the firm's farms, and working under the direction of the firm's foremen. Their hours of labour are 7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. daily (Saturdays 7 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.), with half-an-hour off for breakfast and an hour for dinner. Their time is further taken up by lectures and demonstrations two evenings a week, when, some of them say, they are too tired from the day's work to benefit from the instruction given. They are allowed 30s. weekly, with (for those qualified) a subsistence allowance of 17s. 6d. per week if married and 10s. 6d. if single. Seventeen and sixpence per week is deducted for their board. They have a grievance. They assert that they are kept hard at ordinary farm labourer's work for the benefit of a private firm, whereas they expected more demonstrations and lectures in their working hours. As to the practical utility of an eight weeks' course, we question it. Only by going through the four seasons of the year can experience of real value in any agricultural pursuit be acquired—as we should have thought must have been obvious.

A FRIENDLY SOCIETY SCANDAL.

UNJUST TREATMENT OF AGED FORESTER.

It is time the Government stepped in to protect the aged Friendly Society member, who, in too many instances, finds himself robbed of the fruits of a life-long investment at the very moment when he stands most in need of the benefits contracted for in earlier days. Several hard cases of this kind brought to our notice have been in connection with the Ancient Order of Foresters Sick and Benefit Society, whose amended Rules press with great unfairness upon the older members, who, from their numerical inferiority, are without means of self-defence. The latest complaint on this score is from a London reader. "My father," he writes, "who is nearly 80 years of age, has been paying into the A.O.F. for upwards of 40 years, never having had the misfortune to draw sick benefit at all. However, when he went to pay his last subscription he asked how the Lodge funds were, and was told there were none—so that in the event of illness he would receive no sick pay whatever." On looking into the details we find that this case is about the worst we have encountered. As a rule these aged members, though deprived of sickness benefit, have been assured of a free burial—but it seems that this narrow boon is sometimes withdrawn, and in the case before us the poor old man has to all intents and purposes lost the benefit of all he had paid—40 years' regular contributions, during which his membership has not cost the Foresters a penny. A grosser scandal can hardly be conceived.

IN SEARCH OF HAPPINESS.

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING."

It will be remembered that, a short while ago, we told how Mr. C. H. Pett, a "Conchy" school-teacher, had been refused reinstatement by the Education Committee at Devonport. The story has been continued at Acton. It appears that Mr. Pett, shaking the dust of Devonport from off his shoes, had managed to secure an appointment as assistant-teacher at Acton Wells Mixed School. It is stated that, when the appointment was made, there was a general impression that Mr. Pett had served in the usual way, and some members of the Committee announce they would not have voted for him had they been aware of the real facts. However, Mr. Pett has made but a short stay at Acton. He has handed in his resignation, to take effect at the end of his three months on probation. The reason for his action was publicly given: "There had been a paragraph in JOHN BULL stating that the Devonport authority declined by 12 votes to 8 to reinstate Mr. Pett, because he was a conscientious objector. This having got about, Mr. Pett felt that he would be happier elsewhere." It seems that "fellow-teachers had shown some amount of feeling against him." The other teachers flatly denied any organised opposition, but it is quite evident they did not care for his company. Pett leaves Acton, as he left Devonport, to seek happiness elsewhere. We wish him no harm, and suggest that he will be happier when he has learned to profit by the lesson now taught him.

THE DEVIL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

In Hell's profound again there met
The Devil and his Cabinet—
Superior fiends of murky hue
Who lashed their tails as devils do
When interrupted in their games
Of sousing Huns in liquid flames.

But at the summons of their lord
Obedience they perforce accord:
He from his throne the scene surveys;
Attendant imps avoid his gaze,
Their various tasks perform in fear,
And seem right glad to disappear!

When the last menial imp had flown
The Devil leaned from out his throne,
Cast on his Councillors a glance
That made the tails of the bravest dance;
When the loud rattle had abated,
Roared he: "My plans have been frustrated!

"Think you I'm satisfied to see
A ruined, wretched Germany—
Think you that I'm content that blood
Suffuses Russia like a flood?
These countries, cruel, false, and base,
Had come my way in *any* case!

"You know that my ambition was
To spread the great Satanic cause
Not only on the Continent
But in Great Britain, where was sent
A secret messenger of wrath.
He should be here: Let him stand forth!"

A fiend more hideous than the rest
Stepped forward and the throne addressed:
"Your Majesty," he, cringing, wailed,
"For various reasons I have failed.
The British People as a whole
Maintain their wondrous self-control!"

Enraged, the Devil thrashed his tail:
"You know the fate of fiends that fail!"
He, foaming, roared, "Explain your failure,
Remembering lies will not avail you.
Why do the British folk refuse
To nourish Bolshevistic views?"

The trembling fiend bowed low his head:
"Because in Freedom they were bred;
For liberty they lately fought,
And at great cost the victory bought.
Their God is Freedom—Anarchy
They deem a savage tyranny!"

"But," yelled the Devil, "did you not
Persuade them of their wretched lot,
Whispering in each passing ear
The vile tricks of the profiteer,
And hinting that the sole solution
Of all their woes is—Revolution?"

"I did, your Majesty. A few
Appeared inclined to take that view;
But in the mass they seemed content
To leave their cause to Parliament,
Convinced (though time it might entail)
That justice would at last prevail."

The Devil's chin with foam was wet:
"I'll have the British Nation yet!"
He loudly roared: "Why should they be
Still slaves to ordered Liberty?"
"I know one reason." "What, you fool?"
The obsequious fiend replied: "JOHN BULL!"

"The Hidden Hand" Film is being exhibited this week at Glasgow, The Star, Garscube Road; Fife, Markinch, The Cinema; Peebles-shire, Walkerburn, Public Hall; Oldham, King's Hall; Wolverhampton, Picture House; and next week at Castle-Douglas, Slater's Cinema; Glasgow, Springburn Cinema; Warrington, Delbarwick Pavilion.

IDEAL is the word which best describes the refreshing and thirst quenching qualities of Glass-Lemon on a hot summer's day. Literally "made in a moment," Glass-Lemon is a delightful all-lemon drink prepared from the finest Messina fruit. No hot water or time-taking trouble necessary. Just a spoonful of Glass-Lemon with the addition of clear *cold* water, and you have the finest, most healthful summer drink possible, cooling to the blood, and admirably thirst-quenching.

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P. 149.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. LEIF JONES.

I beg your pardon? Wot did you say? . . . *Do I drink?* Well, Nature provided me with a swaller for that purpose, and I uses it accordin'. I also eats, if you wanter know, 'avin' bin fitted with teeth by the same agency. I also smells, sees, 'ears, 'avin' bin fixed up with the necessary nose, eyes, and ear 'oles. But wot may be the objeck of your inquiry? . . . *You're in search of a barber wot don't drink?* Well, wot precisely may you mean by "drink"? . . . *Alco'ol?* Oh, *I* see. You're tryin' to find a teetotal barber! Then you've gotter long way to go. 'Air-cuttin' an' shavin' is thirsty work. You gits dust, scurf, an' short 'airs in yer throat, an' nothin' but beer'll wash it down proper. . . . *So I admit that I drinks beer!* It ain't a question of *admittin'* nothink. I'm proud of it! I drinks my national beverage like a honest Briton, an' so long as there's any to be got nobody's goin' to stop me. An' w'en I ses that, I ain't only speakin' for meself, but for the vast merjority of me fellow-countrymen. But that's neither ere nor there. Wot is it I can do for you? Shampoo? 'Air trim? . . . *You wouldn't let a self-confessed beer-drinker touch your 'ead?* Dear me! Wot's the matter with it, then? Anythink infectious? Becos if so, you couldn't place yourself in safer 'ands then those of a man wot takes 'is glarss an' smokes 'is pipe. Them wot keeps their clay moist with a drop o' beer took reg'lar' aint so liable to catch things as them wot are on the tack. I remember a n'epidemic o' typhoid at Maidstone some years ago. The merjority o' them wot died was wimmin, children, an' teetotalers. Them wot kep' their spirits up with a drop o' beer and a smoke came through all right in most cases. . . . Wot? *The British public'll 'ave all sich fallacious notions drove outer their besotted brains shortly?* Ha! Now I think I've spotted you!

* * *

You're Mister Leif Jones, or I'll eat this soap! . . . *You've no wish to deny it?* P'raps you 'aven't. But it ain't nothink to be proud of, let me tell you! I was readin' about yore little plot against the liberty o' the subjeck in the paper the other day. You're mixed up in a American conspiracy to introjooce Pro'ibition in this country, an' I notice that Canon Masterman is 'and in glove with you. Well, let me tell you ere an' now thet you won't succeed. The United Kingdom Alliance may think itself very smart in bringin' Yankee teetotal freaks over ere to spout an' try to persuade us Britishers to go bone dry, but I tell you it'll defeat it's own purpose. If there's anythink a independent, liberty-lovin' Britisher won't stand, it is to be dictated to as to wot 'e shall drink by a parcel o' Yankee tub-thumpers. We ain't got no use for 'em. We're growed up on this side of the Atlantic if they *are* still in their *hin*fancy in some things on the other. We don't want no emissaries o' the American Anti-Saloon League over ere, but if they do butt in we shall know 'ow to deal with 'em. As for you, Mister T-T Jones, we knows all about you. We kin put up with you. You make us larf, like the Derby dog on the racecourse, w'en you starts tryin' to interfere in the legitimate amoosements of grown-up men an' wimmin. But we won't have no Yankee stunts played on us. America 'elped to win the Wore by makin' more money out of it than any other country under the sun; but we decline to 'ave 'er agents come over ere armed with the dollars wot she's made out of us, for use in a campaign designed to make us all water-suckers and cocoa-absorbers. Britain grew great on beer, and the better the beer and the more there is of it the greater she'll grow.

* * *

Oh, you think *we shan't be able to resist the persuasive eloquence and campaigning methods of the American propagandists?* Git out! And w'en you finds your teetotal barber, I 'ope 'e'll snip a bit of your ear orf! . . .

THE COAL CRISIS.

IRON MANUFACTURERS' PROFITEERING.

It is an accepted trade calculation that just over two tons of coal are required for the manufacture of a ton of iron rails. Hence many of the commentators in the Press upon the official announcement of the 6s. a ton increase in the price of coal pointed out that the consequent advance in metals would gravely hamper our grievously stricken trade. Few, however, could have been prepared for the enormous jump which was immediately announced by some of the leading iron companies—an addition of £1 5s. a ton to the already high cost. This exorbitant extortion is calmly stated—probably on the principle of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him—to be due entirely to the advance in coal. The assertion is, on the face of it, unjustifiable, and we call upon the trade to make the position clear. It is due to the public—and to their own reputations, which are vitally at stake.

THE HOUSE OF MANY NAMES.

HAMMERSMITH'S HOME OF PROTEAN PROJECTS.

Number Six, Minford Mansions, Hammersmith, is quite an ordinary looking house, but it is a house with a history. Some time ago we called attention to it as the headquarters of the mysterious Home Products Food Development League, which sought to sell a worthless "butter" recipe at 2s. 6d. a time, and now the place is the home of a number of equally worthless schemes. There is, for instance, the firm of Hammond and Company, "American Mail Order Specialists," who want a guinea for instruction in some absurd money-making projects. Other applicants to Hammond and Company are offered prizes for giving suitable names to a variety of patent articles, each attempt having to be accompanied by 2s., while house-hunters are supplied with a list of addresses for a payment of 10s. 6d. cash down, and another 10s. 6d. when suited. Messrs. Hammond and Company are absolutely indefatigable, for they have appointed an expert staff of persons to assist them in their ventures—"Professor" P. Lamara, as their graphologist, and Bertram Curtze as "expert letter writer." Both these individuals have their names on the front door of Number Six—Curtze also trading from there as the West London Facsimile Typewriting Company. Mr. John Hammond Yates, the proprietor of Hammond and Company, also styles himself the British Economy Service Association, and actually competes with his own firm. To complete the history it may be stated that a William Bacher also operates from Number Six, and undercuts Hammond and Company by supplying lists of addresses to flat-hunters for 5s. less than that concern. A large number of readers have already sought our advice regarding these individuals, and to one and all we say, leave the house with the many names alone.

TOO MUCH PUBLICITY.

GROSS IMPOSITION BY NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT

The Publicity Inventions Co., 16, Brockley Avenue, Rusholme, Manchester, is more or less new to us. The method of its particular stunt is not. This is their advertisement as it appears in a local paper: "Ice Cream Without Ice. Freezit. Lightning Freezer. Double profits; 4s. 6d. P. Inventions." Anyone interested in the ice-cream business would take it that what is to be sold is a freezing machine of some kind, especially as "Inventions" is used in the connection. As a matter of fact, what is supplied for 4s. 6d. is a quarto sheet of pink paper, on which is printed a chemical formula and method for freezing by means of it; and the freezing mixture, in a manner of speaking, is as old as the hills. Nor is the method a lightning one; on the contrary, twelve hours is needed to develop it. The question therefore arises whether the man or men taking this money for this sheet of paper does not do so under false pretences. It is certainly a gross imposition; and as a reader of ours—a Silver Badgeman, crippled in war service—complains that he has been deceived, we strongly advise the Publicity Inventions Company to return his money—which we can assure them he can ill afford.

BALCOMBE'S HUN.

CITY-ROAD GRAMOPHONE DEALER'S AGENCY.

Here is a story which deserves a wider publicity. Under the Board of Trade Order any firm can now import gramophone motors and accessories from all except enemy countries, and the *Pianomaker* announces that Mr. A. J. Balcombe, a City Road, London, dealer, has "secured the British agency for the Otto Heinemann gramophone motors, which are manufactured in the United States." How they came to be manufactured there is in this wise. At the outbreak of the war, Heinemann was co-Director with Herr Max Strauss in the Lindstrom and allied companies in Berlin. Returning from a business trip in America, he was seized by the British authorities and interned at Winchester. After three days he was allowed out on parole, and subsequently was permitted to leave the country on condition that he did not return to Germany. He then went to the United States and started his business there. How Mr. Balcombe obtained his British agency is in this wise. Before the war he was associated with the London branch of the Lindstrom-Heinemann concern. The branch was wound-up and became the Hertford Record Company by purchase of assets. The war over, Mr. Balcombe is on with his old love again in the person of Heinemann, now, it is stated, a naturalised citizen of the United States. Thus the Heinemann goods become American goods, and will presently pass as British goods, because they will be camouflaged by British cabinet work. If patriotic sentiment goes for anything, Heinemann motors will be a drug in the market.

THE ALLUREMENTS OF COMMERCE.

TELLING THE TEMPTING TALE AT ITS TALLEST.

Commenting recently upon the remarkable name-changing performances of the partners in the firm of Stanleys, of Stratford, E., we may have done less than justice to the shining business qualities of these enterprising vendors of feeding-stuffs and harness oil. If the Stanleys—their old name of "Schleicher" is among the things best forgotten—are to be believed, the acceptance of an agency for the sale of their goods on commission is the first sure step on the road to wealth and fortune. Quite recently an ex-soldier candidate for one of these positions was encouraged to hope for an income of at least £720 per annum, and it was doubtless for fear of the corrupting influence of such unaccustomed riches that after a few practical inquiries he decided to have nothing whatever to do with the business. Having regard to their alleged earnings it is not surprising that Messrs. Stanleys should be proud of their agents whose "push and jaw," it is gracefully conceded, have been the making of the Stratford business; nevertheless it is suggested that all known records for the sale of harness oil and cattle food may yet be broken. "It is most unlikely," writes the secretary of the firm, "that we should happen to possess the very best salesman in the Kingdom." We agree.

WAIL OF THE WORKLESS.

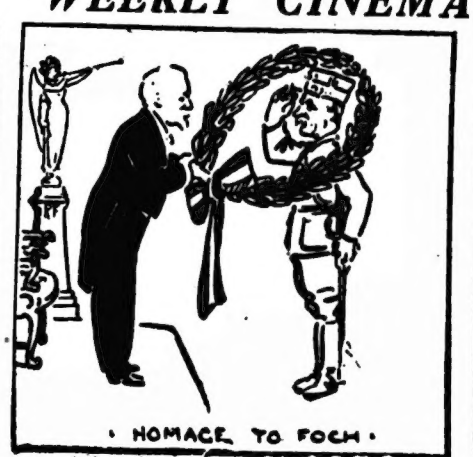
WOMEN EVERYWHERE—SO MEN GO IDLE.

To sit in the office of JOHN BULL and read day after day through all the week, poignant plaints of men who cannot find work for willing hands, that surely is a trial for the heart of any journalist, and it hurts. Sometimes it hurts because it angers; sometimes because it disgusts; sometimes even because it wearies. One feels that sooner or later, somehow or other, the younger men and the middle-aged men, however hardly handicapped, however long their search, will find their place and their reward. With the older men it is different. When one gets to 60—what chance then in these days to start afresh in the competition for the means to live? The letter of a Tipton (Staffordshire) man reaches us as a wail among many. From Sept., 1916, till Dec., 1918, he "has always done his duty in munitions works." Wherever he goes now he finds women in all kinds of work. "The result is I am refused a job." The local Labour Exchange have done all they could to find him work in Tipton. "There are places not fit to live in, yet they will neither set men on in the highways department, nor in the sanitary department, who left during the war through low wages, and my wages for three years were £1 1s. a week, and it is very hard for me and my wife to try to exist. I am 60 years of age, and, dear sir, could you suggest any means to keep me alive?" What means is it possible for us to suggest, except work, and if there is no benevolent employer in Tipton—but there must be!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Britannia mourns beside the grave
Of one than whom was none more brave.

Hughes for Australia departs,
But still remains in loyal hearts.



A laurel wreath for Marshal Foch,
Who put the kibosh on the Boche.

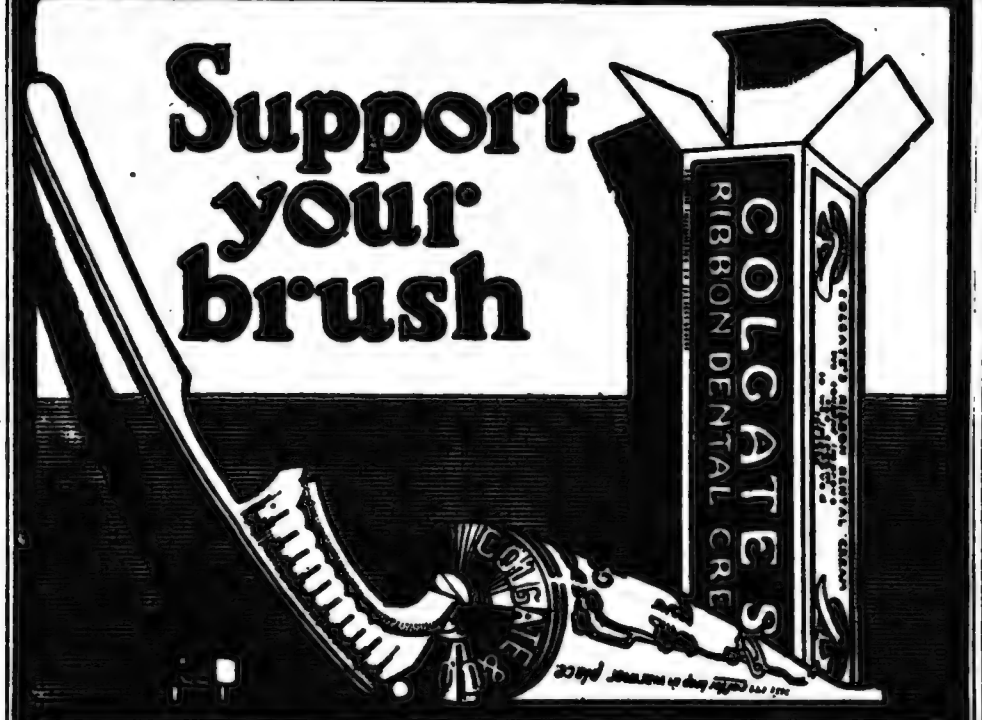
On passing girls cast not a glance,
Else you will be run in, perchance!

"IT, TOO, DID ITS BIT IN FRANCE"

Manufactured by

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., W.C.2

Paris: 26, Rue Bergère.



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Good to taste and good for the teeth.
Buy a tube to-day.

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ADAMS BLACK JACK.
ADAMS CHICLETS.
ADAMS SEN-SEN.
CHICLE
ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT.
ADAMS PEPSIN.
ADAMS YUCATAN.
ADAMS TUTTI. FRUTTI ETC.

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FIRE is an every day risk!—Accept our FREE Insurance offer on page 20.

"JOHN BULL" BUYS

Our Dramatic Surprise—Permanent Submari

By THE

EVERYBODY has heard about the *Deutschland*—Germany's mighty super-submarine; the only vessel which successfully ran the British blockade, the queen of the enemy submarine fleet which put the wind up" America—and put out the lights in New York Harbour. For many months prior to the Armistice the fate of this under-wate. leviathan was a mystery. How she came into British waters and how she escaped the Scapa Flow scuttle are matters we are not at present at liberty to discuss. Suffice it to say that she is now the property of JOHN BULL, we having rescued her from the hands of the shipbreakers, who, but for our intervention, would by now have dismantled, dismembered and broken her up. As soon as her whereabouts and impending fate came to our knowledge, we set to work to secure her—and for this reason: We have a Victory Day; we have a Victory Loan, but it has been left to the proprietors of JOHN BULL to conceive the idea of a Victory Souvenir worthy of the occasion, a permanent token of our triumph, fashioned from the very weapon upon which Germany centred all her hopes of destroying our sea power and ultimately contriving the destruction of our Empire. Can any humiliation greater than this be conceived—that all this terrible science of frightfulness and destruction, this embodiment of Science without Soul, exemplified in the wonderful but horrible monster boat, could by the skill and artifice of our ex-soldiers and other workers at home be converted into permanent mementoes of Germany's Great Failure and of the Triumph of Great Britain and her Allies in the cause of Justice and Right? That, however, although by far the most attractive, is but one aspect of the matter. We are now in negotiation with the Admiralty with a view to securing permission, before the vessel is ultimately denuded of its equipment, to exhibit it at various coastal centres, and in the Thames, allocating a portion of the receipts to such naval or other war charity as the authorities may nominate—and which we have reason to anticipate will be King's George's Fund for Sailors and their Dependents—one of the most brilliant charitable conceptions of the war.

A Permanent Submarine Museum.

There is yet, however, another direction in which we think the doomed vessel may be utilised in the national interest. Even after she has been disembowelled of all her wonderful machinery of war—mighty engines, torpedoes, six-inch guns, and that marvellous periscope through which the Captain directed his operations—even then, in accordance with plans now under consideration, we hope to convert the shell of the vessel into a permanent war museum, in which we propose to install a complete representation of the evolution of submarine warfare, displaying in an interesting and thoroughly comprehensible manner its amazing developments. Indeed, there is scarcely any limit to the possibilities of the educational and patriotic memorial purposes to which our remarkable acquisition can be applied. In our view it would have been nothing short of a calamity if what has been called the "Queen Bee" of all submarine fleets had been permitted quietly to disappear from the sea. Let it be remembered that the market is about to be flooded with spurious war souvenirs—indeed, we already hear of one factory working night and day on the production of "German" helmets for the American market. It is, however, our purpose to see that Britishers are afforded an opportunity of securing an historical and genuine relic, which must of necessity grow in value as the years pass by—wrought and fashioned, as I have said, from the very implements which were forged for our undoing. Let me pause for a minute to consider the educative and moral value of such a relic in every British home. It should become the most treasured of all its household gods. Just recently we have seen an enormous sum paid by a patriotic citizen for the Log Book of the Victory—symbolising the birth of Britain's naval power. Now let us also have a symbol of its apotheosis, and at the same time of the annihilation of the mad ambition which dared challenge it. Is it too much to suggest that each of these emblems should be regarded as a symbol, before which little children should for all time be taught the story of the world's tragedy, now happily ended, and of the glorious part played by the British Navy in saving civilisation and mankind? We hope next week to be able to give definite information as to the proposed exhibition and other matters affecting our great enterprise. Meantime, we shall be pleased to receive suggestions from municipalities and educational and other authorities—particularly those connected with seaside resorts—as to the programme of exhibition. To-day, however, I want to recall to the memory of my readers a few facts and incidents connected with the remarkable history of this remarkable Thing.

Starting on Her Voyage.

It was a bold venture, this building of the *Deutschland* to travel under and over water to America, and so break the blockade. No more impudent challenge to our sea supremacy had been offered, and when this "hive of secrets," as it is rightly called—for within its wonderful shell all the marvels of electricity are brought to the service of navigation—started from Bremerhaven, and put out into the North Sea, the Kaiser and his war lords were hoping to defy the might and power of the British Navy. It was in June, 1916, that the "green monster" started on her voyage to America—at a time when the pressure of the blockade was being felt by Germany, but, thanks to the attitude of the United States, had nothing like the strength our Navy could have enforced. All Germany's hopes centred on America, and so across the Atlantic went the *Deutschland* with a cargo worth millions of dollars—notably dyestuffs, which were much wanted in the United States. Picture to yourself this great fish floating and diving in the sea; now disporting herself on the surface, and now plunging below at the sight of a British funnel. This is no ordinary submarine—it is the giant of all submarines. Let us give particulars. The *Deutschland*, which is driven by two marvellous Diesel engines, and also by electric motors, is more than 300 ft. long, and if one can believe the boastful gentleman, Captain Konig, who navigated her on that first trip, she travelled 4,180 miles, and of this distance, 1,800 miles were covered under water. When submerged, the "blockade breaker's" speed is 12 knots; on the surface, 18 knots.

In Spite of the "Lusitania."

Captain Konig has written a diary, in German, which describes the incidents of that historic voyage—for historic it was. Another time I may write something more about the experiences of the crew of Huns as the vessel sneaked its way through the North Sea and out into the broad Atlantic. But for the moment I am more interested in recording the reception which the *Deutschland* gained in America. You must remember that although the Allies had been at death-grips with the Hun for nearly two years, President Wilson was still "too proud to fight"; the gentleman who has just gone home to fight for his own hand was then engaged in the amiable and safe diplomatic pastime of Note-writing. Nearly a year before, Count Bernstorff had promised the United States that liners would no longer be sunk by German submarines without warning and without assuring the safety of the lives of non-combatants. Of course, that was "a frigid and calculated lie," but it had its effect. It kept President Wilson's conscience comfortable and the American people quiet. Who would believe that the world had been startled a year before by the murderous sinking of the *Lusitania*, and the loss of hundreds of innocent lives? Many American citizens had perished as a result of that awful outrage—some of the wealthiest and some of the most prominent. And yet nothing was done by America's President. He was content to allow a great nation to receive that blow in the face without raising a hand in defence. Who can wonder, then, after the swallowing of such a murderous insult, and in spite of all that happened in the early months of 1916, there was an enthusiastic reception for the *Deutschland* when it arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, on July 9th, and was escorted into Hampton Roads? Thence, by safely keeping within territorial waters, the vessel reached Baltimore. And then the junketing began. This is how the *Times* Baltimore Correspondent described the arrival, and the American

THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

e Museum—A Truly Appropriate Memorial.

EDITOR.

decision which classed her as a non-combatant, under the amusing heading of "Deutschland *unter* Alles":—

> After inspecting the *Deutschland*, which reached here at 6 o'clock this morning, the Collector of the Port, Mr. William P. Ryan, announced that she must be considered a merchantman. Her cargo consists of 750 tons of dyestuffs. The correct name of the captain is Paul Konig. The crew of 29 are alleged to belong to the merchant marine. The vessel is painted marine green to ensure invisibility and carries, according to Mr. Ryan, a signal gun with 40 rounds of ammunition and four pistols. Otherwise she is unarmed. Konig's face was wreathed with smiles as he informed his interviewers that the hope of those chartering the submarine was by establishing regular voyages to "break the British blockade" and force neutrals *to take action* to compel its abandonment.
>
> Captain Konig this afternoon issued a written address to the American people, in which he describes in language full of superlatives how flourishing, happy and prosperous Poland, Belgium, Servia, and the occupied portion of France are under the beneficent rule of Germany. They are all, he says, anticipating the best crops of the century, and the Germans are confident of defeating the British attempt to kill by starvation 100,000,000 German and Austrian children, women, and non-combatants —the most devilish plan ever tried by any nation in the world. The statement is replete with delectable phrases about the manner in which "Prussia helped America in its fight for freedom from British rule" and about the German hope that "your beautiful, powerful country" will now assist Germany to open the gates of the oceans. In conversation with reporters Konig made the most of his yarn, relating how the *Deutschland* submerged in the North Sea and her crew sang "Deutschland *unter* Alles" while "British destroyers raced overhead." For an hour Captain Konig talked, extolling his own feat, breathing defiance to the British, and declaring he would get back to Germany even if "they place a score of cruisers off the coast."

How America Received the "Deutschland."

If the *Deutschland* had been the representative of a sea-Power which had played the game of war with clean hands, it would have been easier to understand the enthusiasm of Baltimore. But America had seen the murderous drowning of her own people, had read the heartrending stories of struggles in the surging waves by innocent passengers, of the death-agonies of women and children while the Hunnish creatures on the German submarines watched the awful scene from the safe security of their murder-vessels. Of course, the lying Bernstorff came to Baltimore to make the most of the blockade-breaker, and, according to Konig's own story, the Mayor of Baltimore gave an official dinner in honour of the visit of the Ambassador of the Arch-Criminal. He writes, in his diary:—

> The dinner given by the mayor—a most amiable man—was of an exclusively political character, and was only attended by politicians and officials. There was a long succession of excellent courses and wines, and, according to American custom, with the appearance of the endless drinks at the close of it, many speeches were made, in which the arrival of the *Deutschland* in America, and its importance in connection with Baltimore and German-American friendship were celebrated. Then the Municipal Band appeared in the town gardens, and played the "Watch on the Rhine" and the American hymn, while the German and American flags were crossed. This was a pleasing symbol of friendship and understanding between the two peoples whose interests both lay in the freedom of the seas.

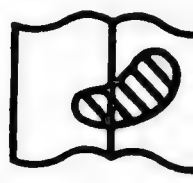
Well, America was to learn later that President Wilson's declaration that the aims of the contending belligerents were "identical" was but an exhibition of blind professorial ignorance. And within a few months the Hun submarines were sinking hospital ships—at sight! So much for community of interest in the freedom of the seas. If the maiden voyage of this remarkable under sea vessel, which is now the property of JOHN BULL, w exciting, the return trip had its great dramatic momen For, if we are to believe Konig—and even a Hun may the truth when it suits him—the *Deutschland* had to the gauntlet. "It was already known that eight ene warships, with patrol-boats and nets, were waiting in fro of Chesapeake Bay in order to attack us directly we quitte American territorial waters, and to blow us up like blind fishes." And so, once more, cheered by the Americans, the blockade-breaker put to sea, and, let it be said, successfully eluded the British Navy. Of course, when the *Deutschland*, having at last passed what Paul Konig, writing before defeat had crushed the heart out of the German Navy, describes as "Heligoland—a bulwark of the North Sea," and reached Germany, there was a great to-do. The British Navy had been defied, this mammoth U-boat had run the blockade—and if only enough of them could be built and sent across the Atlantic, that "silent pressure" which slowly but relentlessly denied the enemy food and munitions could have been broken and the war indefinitely prolonged.

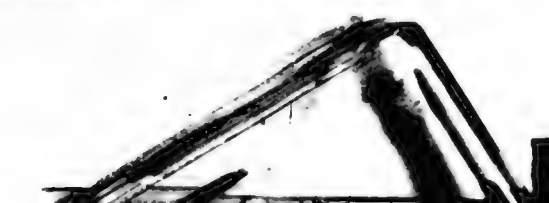
Wanted—A Lasting Memorial.

Do not let us belittle this feat of the Hun—of the shipbuilder who fashioned her, of the crew which twice made the voyage to America, first in June-July, 1916, and again in October-November, 1916. For what could be done by a submarine engaged in the "peaceful" pursuits of a merchantman could be accomplished by the same vessel when converted into a death-dealing weapon of war. And the guns and torpedoes on the *Deutschland*, as purchased by JOHN BULL, bear testimony to the easy change from blockade breaker to warship and to the fear engendered in the American mind when, war having been declared between the two Powers, the approach of the *Deutschland* in her new guise as a fighting ship put out the lights in New York Harbour. Germany staked her all on the submarine. That Great High Seas Fleet which had cost the Huns millions upon millions, with which the trident of the ocean was to be wrested from Great Britain lay skulking behind the gates of the Kiel Canal. The Kaiser and Von Tirpitz were afraid to make war like honest men on the open seas; they feared the power and pluck of the British Navy. And so they preferred to strike from under the water and to make war on passenger ships, on women and children. Those of us who were behind the scenes in those fateful months when the U-boats were sinking harmless fishing smacks, striking the felon blow at crowded passenger ships and sending to the bottom of the ocean great vessels laden with food, knew how near we came to disaster. And so, when I look upon the *Deutschland*, I cannot but realise the full magnitude of the menace which, thanks to Providence and the valour and watchfulness of our sailors, we were able to avert; nor can I fail to be impressed with the resource and skill which the enemy showed in building this Thing—this mighty engine of science; this "hive of mystery"—which has been secured so that there may be some visible reminder of the broken power of Germany on the sea, some actual and tangible proof of the challenge which was flung down by the ocean marauders and some memento of a never-to-be-forgotten page in our great island history.

To Tell of Armageddon.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, are trophies which our Army won on the battlefield, guns and tanks fashioned for our undoing which became the proper spoils of the victors. These weapons of war, set up in town and village, will stand for all time—speaking to generations still to come of Armageddon, reminding children yet unborn of what their forefathers did when at the call of King and country they went forth to the fight and beat down the Devil of Destruction. What lasting memorial have we of the defeat of the German Navy? Her great fleet has been scuttled—by an act of wanton treachery. Scapa Flow has become the grave of German infamy and deceit. Let us, then, treasure the *Deutschland*—preserve it, the sole remaining evidence of that challenge which came to us in all its wanton cruelty, which aroused the horror and anger of the civilised world and ultimately brought the great English-speaking Republic of America into the struggle for Right and Justice.





In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

Letters for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 18.

Army Huts and Housing Problem.

Army huts are to be sold at £40 each. I suggest that a Committee of Distribution be formed to allocate, erect, and let them at a rental. This would greatly alleviate overcrowding, be a steady increase to the Exchequer, and a boon to countless families.—FRANCIS WELLS, Park Villa, Tondu, S. Wales.

(*We are afraid there are many difficulties in the way of adapting huts to housing purposes, but they certainly should be much more equitably distributed amongst the public.*)

Shortage of Railway Trucks.

Numbers of discharged soldiers are unable to obtain employment owing to the shortage of railway goods trucks. The big brick factories here are unable to deliver their large orders to the building contractors. If most of our trucks are still in France, why don't the Government bring them back, or employ us discharged soldiers in building new ones?—GWILYM V. WALDER, Market Street, Llangollen.

(*We are calling attention to this matter elsewhere, and are following it up.*)

Bidding for Boots.

Recently 281,680 pairs of Army Boots were sold at the London Commercial Sale Room, Mincing Lane, at prices ranging from 7d. to 8s. 0d. per pair. Only the largest dealers are able to buy such large quantities, to sell them again at a big profit without touching them. If the authorities would split them up into smaller lots and distribute in different towns, retailers would be able to buy, repair, and sell them to the public much cheaper.—WILLIAM T. CHALLINGSWORTH, Alwen Street, Wordsley.

(*An excellent suggestion, which we will pass on to the Disposal Board.*)

A Consumers' Boycott.

The "Blighty" we dreamed of "out there" turns out to be a land of rampant profiteering and robbery—with a mockery of Control Boards worse than useless. In America profiteering was effectively dealt with by organised "boycott" on the part of the consumers, and, quite recently, in France the increased tobacco tax had to be remitted owing to the consumers using the same weapon. Legislation is too tricky and too dilatory. Let JOHN BULL organise a "Consumers' League," with this particular object in view, having executive machinery for concerted action in every district.—WM. H. COWAN, Montgomery Street, Edinburgh.

(*Our friend should join the People's League, whose address is 4-5, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.*)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Cordwell, the writer of the starred letter.

The Prince of Wales' Fund.

A Committee is sitting to consider the best uses to which the balance of the Prince of Wales' Fund (£2,500,000) can be put. It is suggested that a large part of this money be used to assist ex-soldiers to emigrate. Would not a better plan be to assist our demobilised men in setting up in business, adding a few shillings to the widows' meagre pensions, and putting the fatherless children to some trade?—J. H. GORDON, Ash Street, Ilkley.

(*We certainly agree that emigration is the last resort in the solution of the Labour problem.*)

Sheer Robbery.

Before the war, sugar was 1½d. per pound and we could buy boiled sweets at 4d. per pound, thus leaving 2½d. per pound for cost of other ingredients, wages, expenses and profits. Sugar is now 7d. per pound and the same sweets are selling at 2s. 8d., leaving a margin of 2s. 1d. Even if wages have gone up treble (which I doubt) sweets could be sold at 1s. per pound less than they are to-day, and the manufacturers and retailers would be making four times as much profit as they were before the war.—H. R. CORDWELL, Lower Ashley Road, Bristol.

(*This is one of the many scandals which the Food Controller must immediately tackle.*)

Why Marriage Fails To-Day!

Couples marry, dreaming of a home and children. And what do they get? Lodgings, and a bullying landlady, who will demand, for a couple of uncomfortable rooms, two or three times as much as they would have to pay for the little house they had set their hearts on. What is to be expected of married life under such circumstances? Nice conditions under which to "be fruitful and replenish the earth!"—A. NURTHALL BROWN, Crewe Road, Sandbach, Cheshire.

(*This is one of the grievances which the Housing Bill now before Parliament is designed to remedy. There must be suitable homes for all.*)

Our Hymn Tunes.

Cannot one of Britain's best musicians be commissioned to compose tunes for such indispensable hymns as were used in the services on Peace Thanksgiving Sunday? It seemed little short of sacrilege to sing the German and Austrian airs to which some of them are set.—G. HAMILTON HOPE (Ex-Sergt.), Windsor Lodge, Polegate.

(*Cannot the Royal Academy of Music offer a special inducement to British musicians to produce something worthy of our country?*)

A Mother's Burden.

The cause of so many illegal operations, stillborn and deformed babies, and worst of all, so many weak mothers, is the worry and anxiety of rearing a big family on small wages, and under unhealthy conditions. Picture it yourself—four or five little toddlers, husband in bed ill, doctor prescribing tonics and foods which are out of the question, on a sole income of 10s. a week, from the National Insurance.—GEO. L. CRAIK, Crawford Terrace, Morpeth.

(*The endowment of motherhood is one of the planks in our platform of national reconstruction.*)

What about the English?

None of the British representatives who signed the Peace Treaty is wholly English. We should have lost the war long before America came in, but for Kitchener's magnificent Army—which was largely composed of Englishmen. And if it had not been for the British Navy, mostly English lads, the American Armies would never have landed in France!—P. MC DONOUGH, Forest Street, Bacup.

(*Strictly speaking, the Prime Minister is English, having been born at Manchester. But we should have liked to have seen an all-blue Smith, Brown, or Robinson's name on the Treaty.*)

The Indian Problem.

Feeble administration is ruining India. The Indian people are not ready for political concessions of the Montagu-Chelmsford type. Self Government, a western experiment, cannot but fail in Oriental countries. The Indian Bolsheviks, though they don't admit it, have been tempted by the "Chelmsford" proposals to spread strife and anarchy in India. Fortunately, Martial Law speedily averted a mutiny. The result is that the Indian peasant prays for a continuance of the military régime. DAVID G. P. ANTHONY, Bank Road, Allahabad, U.P., India.

(*We quite agree that India is not yet ripe for Home Rule. Let's settle Ireland first.*)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

THE ECLIPSE WINNER.

By "THE SQUIRE."

All things considered, there is not the great shortage of horses some pessimists at one time anticipated. When the Jockey Club reinstated the pre-war fixture list, there were many writers to aver that there would not be enough horses to go anywhere like round. They must admit that they were mistaken. Naturally there is a paucity, but where this paucity is most pronounced is of course in the far north, though even there the scarcity is not serious, as a glance at the entries at Ayr this week will disclose. Even in the north, drafts are constantly being made from the Newmarket stables. In fact, by easy stages we are approaching the normal again. Until that is reached, owners can well afford to pick and choose the most valuable races for their best horses. Stable plans are therefore being altered almost hourly, consequently the task of the sporting journalist these days is no light one. It is as difficult to find runners as winners. Take BUCHAN as a case in point; Major Astor's second in the Derby holds liabilities at Newmarket and Sandown Park this week. The race at the former fixture is little more than a "walk over" for him. Still, I shall look to him to wait for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, Friday next, a race exactly ten times the value of the Midsummer Stakes at headquarters, and as easy to pick up.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET—WEDNESDAY.
Swaffham Welter—PATLANDER.
July Handicap—*WOORALI.
Zetland Plate—SPLENDID SPUR.

NEWMARKET—THURSDAY.
Reach Plate—TEARING HASTE.
Summer Handicap—MORNING STAR.
Bury Handicap—SUND'OR.
Midsummer Handicap—*PAPER MONEY.

SANDOWN PARK—FRIDAY.
Surbiton Handicap—HOME FIRE.
Victoria Welter—GRANDCOURT.
Eclipse Stakes—*BUCHAN.
Great Kingston Plate—LAMPETIA.

SANDOWN PARK—MONDAY.
Royal Handicap—DOUBLE GLORY.
Warren Handicap—MISS GOODENOUGH.
Coombe July Plate—TANGIERS.
National Breeders' Stakes—*SORANUS.

AYR—SATURDAY.
Stewards' Handicap—BLACK DOLL.
July Plate—*JOHN JACKETT.
Garrick Welter—ATROCITY.
Kye Plate—NATUMINOR.

AYR—MONDAY.
Montrose Handicap—BAYMOND.
Stand Handicap—MISS TEVIOT.
Auchencruive Plate—*LIGHT HEARTED.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ACTON PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE":—
"Baptisms . . . Mary, Daughter of HENRY AND GEORGE and Marjorie Anne ——."

"HARROW OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"City gent . . . requires small unfurnished house . . . UNDESIRABLE REFS."

"SUNDAY POST":—
"Several hundreds of the Officers' Training Corps . . . marched to Westbarns . . . where in PRE-WAR DAYS thousands of soldiers underwent training preparatory to being sent to the front."

"RHODESIA HERALD" (advertisement):—
"English Lady, well educated . . . would give services to invalid IN LIEU OF passage to England."

"BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH":—
"If you . . . calculate the NUMBER OF DAYS IN EACH MONTH you will find there are 365."

"WESTERN MAIL":—
"In addition to the Cathedral-road residence struck by lightning, a 'thunderbolt' fell on Marley's allotments. . . . It was UNFORTUNATE that there was no one in the vicinity at the time, for the force of the explosion was so great that two houses suffered damage."

THE SECRET OF BEING A CONVINCING TALKER

How I Learned it in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"Have you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the centre of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co. within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago Jordan was taken into the accountants' department and I was sent out as traveller. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual degree of brilliancy, but we made good in our new positions well enough to keep them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made secretary of the company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the notice board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have selected him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Secretary to the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan secured the position.

The first chance I got I walked into Jordan's new office, and, after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to give me the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a point or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course, that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the silver cup the boys gave him how flustered I was, and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public, but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Law had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them, and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded, whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying, and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humour with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful part of the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful points about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonising people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them round to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening, and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles, and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, whereas formerly, as you know, what I said went 'in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Corps I was made secretary. Between you and me, George, my salary is now £1,500 a year, and I expect it will be more by the end of the year.

"And I want to tell you honestly that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

When Jordan finished I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record-breaking sales during the dullest season of the year I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the city office. We had quite a long talk, in which I explained how I was able to break sales records and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time in making public speeches on political subjects, and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our town.

SEND NO MONEY

So confident are the Standard Art Book Co., Ltd., publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, of the result, once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking, and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course for free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely write a postcard and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within three days after you receive it, and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have taken the Course, send only 30s. in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so write now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. 35,000 men and women have ordered Dr. Law's Course during the last three months.

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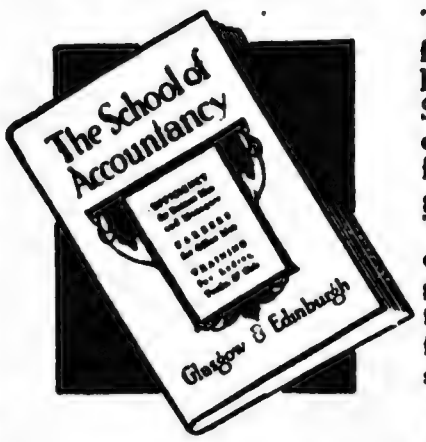

This booklet, which is free and post free, gives particulars of the various courses of study, for these differ according to individual requirements. It gives the names and addresses of students who have "made good" and to whom reference can be made. Write for a copy to-day if you want £300, or £600, or £1,000 a year. Train for the big sums and you will get them.

This is a plain, true statement of fact. It is no exaggeration. Employers everywhere are looking for trained men as Organisers, Office and Works Managers, Accountants, etc., and are willing to pay high salaries if they can get the right men.

Such men are not born. They are made by training and study. Scores of men who were ordinary office clerks are now holding positions and getting big salaries. These didn't come by "waiting for something to turn up." The men put in their spare time in study and training under expert guidance. Are you sufficiently enthusiastic and ambitious to follow their example?

The School of Accountancy offers this expert guidance and training through its postal courses. The efficiency of its training has been amply demonstrated and proven—it is not an experiment. It gives personal training adapted to the student's circumstances, his peculiar requirements, his capacity, the time at his disposal. It leads him, step by step, to the completion of his training. Some finish the course in a few months, others take much longer. It depends upon the time devoted to study and the aptitude of the pupil. The moderate fee is in any case the same.

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Please send me, free and post free, copy of booklet advertised in "John Bull," July 19, 1919.

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Kindle a contented feeling in your mind—become insured against fire, free of cost. Turn to page 20.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparin shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Where are the Funds?—Four months ago a Divisional M.T. Company in France was addressed by the Officer Commanding, who was leaving for England. He told the boys that the canteen profits would be devoted to supplying them with souvenirs in the shape of a brooch showing the departmental badge and the divisional sign combined. There was 1,500 francs (about £60) to the credit of the fund, and the men are wondering where the money has gone, as they have not yet seen the trinkets.

Trapped:—Soldiers, wrecked in health, who are on their way home from ghastly Mesopotamia are landed in India, and are supposed to re-embark as soon as possible en route to England. If on ordinary engagements in India, they cannot be demobilised owing to the political conditions there; and those once landed f om Mesopotamia find themselves held up in the same way—which is decidedly unfair.

Starvation Rations:—The growing lads of the R.A.F. at Halton Camp might be better treated and fed. They turn out at 5.30 a.m., and at 7 o'clock have their breakfast, which consists of one and a half loaves among eight, with a microscopical portion of fat ham thrown in. The day's work is long and hard, and their two other meals are on the same less-than-poor-house scale.

More from the Rhine:—The New Army on the Rhine are still "grousing," and realising more and more the powers of imagination of the artist responsible for the recruiting posters which induced them to join. There is an inexcusable shortage of food and canteen stores, here and there the Tommies being compelled to spend their extra pay to keep going.

Horrible!—A complaint comes from the 728th Co. of the Labour Corps, enlisted to re-bury the dead in France and Belgium. They are up against Passchendaele Ridge, on ground which is pockmarked with shell-craters. The conditions of their surroundings and the quality of the atmosphere we forbear describing—but would ask the Army sanitary authorities to visit the camp and decide if something better cannot be done for the company.

"JACK."

Bilked:—The crew of H.M. tug *St. Just* volunteered for Russia last April and signed articles for nine months. Their wages were £12 per month, and they were engaged towing lighters. They were ordered back to England recently, believing they were going to tow out more lighters, but have been at Scapa Flow for over a week, helping to salve the warships scuttled by the Huns. Their pay has been reduced, and they are working nearly the 24 hours through daily without overtime, although the crews of other tugs are getting £1 a day. As one of the men wrote, "If this is the way they treat volunteers for Russia there will soon be something doing."

The Old Story:—The men of H.M.T. *Maristo*, which is now at Fleetwood, tell us that they brought the ship from Portland and were promised demobilisation soon after their arrival; also that they would be paid at Fleetwood. They have had to keep themselves all the way round the coast, and on arrival at the base were given £1 apiece, although all are well in credit. We leave the treatment of the crew in the hands of Whitehall, and if they do not get fairplay we shall want to know why.

The Jerram Stunt:—The Jerram Committee recommended rises in pay for naval ratings, but we find that men who did their bit and were placed on the list for demobilisation are held to be unentitled to the extras, although we consider that they should have them.

Not According to Regulations:—We have a letter from H.M.S. *Marlborough* telling us that the crew were asked to be inoculated. Some submitted to the needle, others did not and were badly penalised. As inoculation and vaccination are not compulsory in His Majesty's Service, we fail to see why the objectors should be jumped upon.

Jack's Peep Show:—As no war is imminent, sufficient ships will not be mobilised to stretch from Spithead to Westminster Bridge. The line will reach up the river only as far as Southend on-Sea. But the boys will get sufficient leave to visit the "Big Smoke," and the vessels will be open to public inspection.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Out with the Contemptible!—We find that at the Gretna Cordite Factory Works it has been found necessary to reduce the police staff, owing to the factory having been partly closed down. The men being discharged are the old soldiers up to and over 50 years of age, every one of whom has taken part in previous wars and in the one which is now being cleared up: on the other hand, the undeserving are being kept on. In the name of goodness, what has become of our Government's pledge that old soldiers will be looked after?

Doesn't Surprise Us:—The other day the Burnham (Essex) Guardians advertised for a caretaker at the Isolation Hospital. As the wages offered were only 6s. per week, we are not surprised that there was not a rush on the part of demobilised men.

The Guards' Star:—We are requested to state that any member of the Coldstream Guards who is entitled to the 1914 Star and who has not received it should communicate at once with the Officer Commanding Coldstream Guards, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Col. Steele will have the matter looked into.

Manufactured Distress.—Do the dilly-dallying staffs of incompetents in our Records Offices realise what their delays entail upon our discharged soldiers? We receive numerous letters from demobilised men, telling us that although they have been discharged for months, their papers have not been sent through. This means that it is useless for them to look for work, as employers suspect them, and will not engage them until they produce an official character, and evidence that they have been legally discharged. In many cases distress in the families of ex-soldiers is thus caused; and every day lost in work-hunting, renders the chance of finding a job smaller, as the labour market is already glutted.

For the Old 'Uns.—When the authorities are next seized with a wave of generosity, they might consider the old Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s who in 1914, when on modified pensions, rejoined to form the New Army, and have been serving ever since. Some of them have completed as much as 25 years with the Colours, and in common honesty they are entitled to pensions at full service rate.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Numerous cases were assisted during the week—a few of which are described below:—

Our Friends:—It naturally pleases us to know that our fund is recognised in the most out-of-the-way corners of the earth—in fact, wherever JOHN BULL penetrates. A perusal of our list of acknowledgments will show that our supporters are to be found in the Persian Gulf, our various Colonies, the South Sea Islands, and on the American continent. A more convincing "declaration of faith" could not be asked for, and it cheers us in our labours. They are doubly welcome, as the very reading of the letters telling of destitution induces an unspeakable sadness.

Two Striking Examples:—Here are two letters from this week's mail—one from the exalted, the other from the lowly. Recognising our charitable work, the King graciously invited us to his garden-party. Following the letter from Buckingham Palace was one from an invalid widow, who sent us the watch and chain of her only son—who was killed in action—with the request that we should convert the hallowed relics into money for the benefit of our sufferers. The sacrifice must have been great; by us it was more than appreciated. There are, unfortunately, many indications that next winter will be a period of increased distress, and that further pressure will be placed upon our little fund.

A Girl's Plea:—A young girl, whose brother is serving, asked for assistance for her mother who is very ill. The only income is 10s. 6d. a week, in respect of the soldier boy.

Helpless:—A discharged soldier, who cannot undertake any work, has a wife and child—and a little stranger is expected.

Without Work:—A man, demobilised four months ago, cannot get work, and has no pension. In this case an addition had recently been made to the family.

Left to Battle:—A widow, whose husband fell in the field, has a very small pension—also a son of 12, whose legs are useless.

Disabled and "Waiting."—A soldier, discharged unfit in February, had to give up a light job, as he is waiting to go into hospital. He has no income.

We Bury the Dead:—We helped in several cases in which members of Service families had died uninsured. Like everything else, the cost of burial has soared high, and without our assistance paupers' funerals would have to be accepted.

For Eviction:—The wife of a soldier, not yet demobilised, is ill, and was threatened with eviction for arrears of rent.

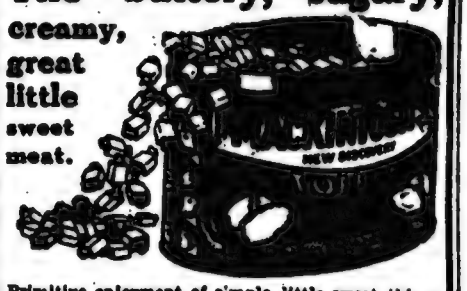
SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

"Minesweeper," 10s.; M. J. (East Ham), 1s.; "Ex-soldier," 5s.; J. McM. (Llanfairfechan), 5s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "In Loving Memory of A. H.," 10s.; "Anti-Wilsonite," 10s.; "Jackie's Mum," 2s. 6d.; J. D. (Bromley-by-Bow), 1s. 6d.; "Alone," 5s.; B. H. (Liscard), 2s. 6d.; "Thanksgiving," £1; J. R. D. (s.s. *Dives*), 1s. 3d.; "Last—a Thankoffering for the Safe Return of my Daddy," 10s.; W. M. D. (s.s. *War Matron*), 2s. 6d.; L. E. (Harringay), 3s.; J. C. K. (Folkestone), 5s.; "Lowestoft—A Thankoffering," 5s.; E. S. (Fulham), 1s.; J. A. (Edinburgh), 10s.; J. S. (Bristol), 1s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 2s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; W. C. H., 9d.; Mrs. M. (Anfield), 3s.; H. R. (Durham), £4; "Gratitude Week, Mum," 2s. 6d.; D. A. (Catford), 6d.; F. C. R. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 7s. 6d.; F. J. R. (West Croydon), 1s.; "Singer," 15s. 9d.; "Never Say Die Till You're Dead," £1; A. E. H. (Oxon), 10s.; C. H. (Upper Norwood), 5s.; H. L. (Cork in Cartnell), £1; "Dwarf," 1s. 2d.; J. W., 2s. 6d.; Mr. B. (Birkenhead), 10s. 6d.; G. H. W. (Wimbledon), 5s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; Mrs. W. T. (Transvaal), 6s. 6d.; W. H. (Rhodesia), 1s. 10d.; C. P. (s.s. *Kashing*), 9s. 6d.; S. C., 1s.; Mrs. W. E. (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; W. C. H., 11½d.; Miss A. M. (Herne Bay), £1; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; G. J. (Holywell), 5s.; S. M. N. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; "A War Widow," 1s.; A. I. F., 1s. 6d.; M. A. A., 1s.; M. M., 6d.; A. W. K. (Kettering), 1s.; S. B. (Bromley), 6d.; E. D. 1s. (Golders Green), 6d.; F. W. U., 1s.; C. E. B., 6d.; A. H. D. (Stoke-on-Trent), 1s.; G. B. (Hounslow), 2s.; S. H. E., 6d.; A. J. B., 3s. 6d.; A. W. E., 1s.; H. R. K. (Rye), 6d.; J. G. (Burton-on-Trent), 5s. 4½d.; W. B. (Thornton Heath), 3s. 6d.; Ship's Company H.M.S. *Oakley* (per C. T.), £3 2s.; "40 Bower Street," 2s.; J. R. (Greenock), 6d.; A. I. L. (Worthing), 10s.

The buttery, sugary, creamy, great little sweet meat.



Primitive enjoyment of simple little sweet things has been a habit cultivated by the boys out there: coming back they have brought their sweet teeth with them—that is why, now that supplies are better, Toffee Town (Halifax) is working harder than ever and producing Mackintosh's in bigger quantities (and perhaps even *better*) than ever.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

Also Mint de Luxe.

Sold loose by weight and in 4lb. "family" tins by all Confectioners.

FARM BOOTS

Stout Black Chrome Waterproof Double Tongue Derby Pattern with Toecap, as illustrated.

Nailed in groups of Three to prevent slipping.

Cash with Order.

32/6

Style No. 129.

Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (Size 12, 1/- extra). Each size made in three different widths: No. 4 (Medium); No. 5 (Wide), No. 6 (Extra Wide).

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THE MAXIMUM SHOE CO., LTD., Dept. 70, Maximum Works, Northampton.

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Ignorant people sometimes term Gonorrhœa a trivial disease. Yet this "trivial disease" has been accountable for something like one quarter of the cases recorded as born blind. It is one of the chief causes of sterility. It is sometimes directly fatal.

And it is frequently a most difficult disease to cure. It is not uncommon for one attack to endure for years and years, and during all this time the patient may be infective, and ought to be condemned to quarantine. So difficult is the cure of Gonorrhœa in Women, that experienced doctors may find it altogether impossible to state that the danger of infection is passed, and a lifelong quarantine may ensue.

Gonorrhœa, when not properly treated, is also a most treacherous disease. All evident symptoms may disappear, and yet the disease is not cured. Many months afterwards it may break out again, with the dire result that men or women, who think themselves free from infection, get married and infect their partners.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical."

The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

HOW TO TELL IF YOU HAVE

Kidney Trouble

Here are some warnings you should never neglect—

Headaches, bad breath and nasty taste in the mouth first thing in the morning—tired, nervous weakness and irritability, swollen feet and limbs, rheumatic pains and stiffness of joints—backache, irregular action of bowels or bladder—urinary weakness, irritation or scalding, burning discomfort. Any of these symptoms mean kidney and bladder trouble.

Do you realise your danger?

These symptoms may mean incessant tortures of Rheumatism—wearing out, stabbing backache (lumbago). Gout that cripples and deforms. Bladder inflammation or Gravel that cause such excruciating pain—or the deadly Bright's disease that causes thousands of deaths every year.

Treat those warning symptoms now!

There is one remedy whose honest merit the experience of thousands of kidney sufferers has proved—a remedy that is harmless and safe for old and young alike—that hardly ever fails to cure completely and to cure permanently—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills." This is not a feeble quack remedy; it professes to do nothing that is not amply proved in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Many so-called "Kidney Pills" merely regulate the bowels. De Witt's go straight to the root of the trouble—the kidneys and bladder. Relief from pain is positively guaranteed within 24 hours of taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and a blue tinge in the urine caused by one of the antiseptic ingredients proves to you, for your own satisfaction, that the healing properties have actually passed right through the kidneys and bladder.

Mr. John Nelson (from photo).

Read this case of how acute kidney trouble was cured. Mr. John Nelson, of 36, Sophia St. Docks, Cardiff, says that for five years he suffered untold agonies from kidney & bladder trouble. He says: "I cannot tell you what agony I suffered from urinary trouble. Eighteen months ago I tried De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and was astonished that I felt better almost at once. I continued, and very soon all the pains, discomfort and weakness left me. Since that time I have been in the best of health. I am a seaman, and I never go to sea without a supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills."

You are asked to believe nothing you cannot prove for yourself. Try them once, and you will have no further doubts.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold only in white boxes, printed in blue and gold. You can obtain them from Boots' and all other first-class Chemists and Drug Stores at 2s. 9d. per box or 5s. for one two and a half times as large—a month's supply. Or if you have any difficulty in getting De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills send your money direct to E. C. De Witt and Co., Ltd. (Dept. 142 C), 44-45, Rathbone Place, London, W.1., who will gladly supply you by return post free.

Kidney & Bladder

De Witt's Pills

Fine Old Virginia Cork Tipped Ovals

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

20 for 1/5

Also in 50's & 100's

Spinet Mixture for the pipe 1/11 per 2oz

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GRAMOPHONES and RECORDS on EASY TERMS

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CATESBYS LTD. London, W.1.

IT IS TOO MUCH TROUBLE to scrub the floors, but if you have oil cloth, or cheap linoleum, energetic and regular Scrubbing is necessary. On the other hand, if you have Catesbys Cork Lino on the floors no scrubbing is required. Samples, prices, and book of designs all free by post. We sell on Easy Terms, or allow a discount of 2s. in the £ for cash. We pay carriage.

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Mens Suits

WOULD you like on easy terms a better Suit than any other Tailor can make you for £6? Then send a postcard (but ask for Suit Set 19), and we'll send you a free set of real British Patterns. Book of Styles, and Measure-yourself Form. If you're not pleased with the Suit, we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2/- in the £ discount for cash.

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The brighter days show up your stairs, and, unless the carpet is nice, your hall and home cannot look their best or reward your cleaning efforts. Try a new stair carpet from us on Easy Terms, or we'll allow 2/- in the £ discount if you pay cash. Ask for Free pattern set No. 19.

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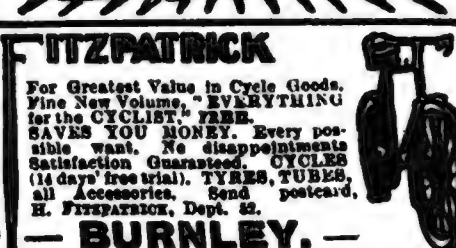
GET WELL AND KEEP WELL.

Your ills will not cure themselves. CURACEA is the favourite remedy at home for all forms of bodily breakdown and nervous disorder. Don't neglect this certain cure for Neuritis, Neuralgia, Nerve Exhaustion, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia.

You will never regret trying a bottle. Fits Vest Pocket.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free 2/6 from CURACEA COMPANY (Section A), Elm Grove, LONDON, S.E.15.



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— BURNLEY. —

IN THE CITY.

FINANCIAL NOTES—AND ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By Our City Editor.

New Issue Flood.

With the Victory Loan out of the way a great rush of new issues of a commercial and industrial character is anticipated and is likely to continue for some time. In all directions there is a desire to get back to normal peace conditions and to open up fresh channels of trade which are likely to be of a very profitable nature during the period of reconstruction.

Old Businesses' "Pull."

Of course entirely new ventures will have to be carefully scrutinised, as they are coming forward at a time when costs and values are very much inflated; established businesses requiring additional capital will doubtless be most favoured. Old firms have a greater advantage over new competitors than ever.

Increased Initial Outlay.

Supposing a factory in the pre-war days could be built and equipped for £100,000. It is certain that similar works and machinery could not now be erected for less than £250,000 to £300,000. According to the nature of the plant, etc., it might be considerably more, and there will be great delay in getting the work executed on any terms. High prices will not last for ever, and the new venture is as likely as not to find that, while its initial outlay has been on an inflated basis, it will only be beginning to produce when values are returning to a normal level. Manufacturers who can deliver the goods at once are the people who will make most money.

Stupid Red Tape.

Speaking of the Victory Loan reminds me of the experience of a correspondent who wished to take up a 4 per cent. Bond at £85. He had £60 in Exchequer Bonds and £35 in War Stock 1927-47, which he wished to convert, but he was told that only the Exchequer Bonds could be accepted. That was all right, as no conversion rights were attached to the War Stock. But his offer to pay the difference of £25 in cash to make up a complete Victory Bond of £100 was also refused. That seems almost incredible, and I think that some stupid clerk must have made a mistake, but such blundering should not be possible.

Two Small Shipping Ventures.

The Lyndon Shipping Co., and the Rhondda Merthyr Shipping Co., have been formed with a capital of £100,000 each. The former is to buy a fourteen-year-old boat for £135,000 and the latter is to acquire two vessels for £258,000—one built in 1905 and the other in 1911. No doubt tramp steamers can occasionally make astonishing profits, but it is proposed to pay a very stiff price for these old boats, and freights will not always be so remunerative as they were at one time during the war. As a rule the managers of these "one ship companies" do much better than the public who put their money into them.

Ventiheta.

Patents are notoriously risky investments, and perhaps those relating to lighting and heating should be classed as extra-hazardous. Ventiheta (United Kingdom), Ltd., has a patent heating arrangement by which fresh air is drawn into the apparatus, warmed and passed into the room. It is proposed to hire the machine at £1 and upwards per annum, and if they catch on, the company may do all right. But we are a terribly conservative people.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

War Loan (Sunderland).—*Victory Loan:* It is almost inconceivable that there should be such stupidity. There must have been a mistake.——J. E. (Aintree).—*Famous Pictures:* I do not like it, but if you subscribed on a prospectus, you will find difficulty in getting out of your bargain. Try to get your money back before going in deeper.——R. H. W. (Harlesden).—*5 per cent. War Stock:* Better get Barclay's to arrange the transfer for you. It will have to be done to save trouble afterwards.——T. W. (Canning Town).—*Marks:* The exchange value of the mark is about 5d. or 6d., but in Germany it still remains nominally at 1s.——J. C. B. (Edinburgh).—*Consols:* Opinions greatly differ; my own impression is that at this stage it is better to hang on.——S. McD. (Harlesden).—*Kern River, etc.:* This is a fair speculation, but I do not much like the others.——A. F. G. (Mansfield).—*M. E. Aylmer & Co.:* I do not recommend dealings. There is, of course, no legitimate speculative business at present; purchases have to be for cash.——Major (Southampton).—*Premium Bonds:* You must wait till restrictions imposed by D.O.R.A. are removed. *Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia:* The company is almost derelict since the famous gold case went against it, but there will doubtless be an effort to revive it as there are valuable, but not realisable, assets.——Disappointed (Glasgow).—*Anglo-French Oil-fields:* Afraid the Company has "gone in" completely, and you must regard your money as lost.——Mrs. H. (Otford).—*A. & N. Stores:* Nothing can be done unless the independent shareholders organise themselves better and secure more up-to-date management. But the great "steal" occurred years ago without effective protest at the time, and it is terribly difficult—and costly—to upset settled arrangements long after the event.

VICTORY BOND CLUB:—Certificates for all subscriptions are now in course of preparation, but, as the list is extremely heavy, shareholders are asked to exercise a little patience. Every member of the club will, in due course, receive a certificate in respect of each share held by him.

Just the Thing for the Holidays—
THE "JOHN BULL" PEN.

PLAYER'S
"Country Life" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 for 5d.
50 for 2/0½
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.
P.773
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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ENGLAND'S MASTERPIECE OF MASS PRODUCTION
THE Englaphone
Entirely made in England.
Plays any record.

This superb instrument is half-the-price of any rival make of equally excellent quality. Entirely made in England by English workpeople on the latest approved huge-output principles, which cut manufacturing costs to a minimum.

No one who sees an 'Englaphone' can resist it. Full size, handsome *solid* oak case, 18½"x16½"x12¾" guaranteed cabinet made, tongued and grooved throughout, French polish, showing open grain. Solid brass parts heavily silver-plated. Perfect motor, plays 8½ minutes, once winding. Superb tone. Plays any make of record, and is an unprecedented bargain.

Price £7 10 0

Absolutely noiseless action. Makes *any* record worth hearing. Through its sensitive mechanism and new patent sound-box, a good record becomes superb.

Every 'Englaphone' is sold for 7 days' *Free Trial.* Money returned by *makers* if not *absolutely* satisfactory. From dealers everywhere.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing complete Specification, etc., Post free on request. Handsome illustrated booklet from

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NOW FOR A CHANGE

Take home a tin of "Jack Tar" Pilchards, and give your family an unexpected treat—to-day.

You will enjoy these savoury little fish. They are so plump and tender and creamy, with a delicate flavour enhanced by the piquancy of rich, thick, tomato sauce.

Keep a "Jack Tar" tin or two in the larder, and whenever you "fancy a change," just remember those three words—"Jack Tar Pilchards."

Sold in small and large round and oval cans.

Guaranteed by Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"JACK TAR" PILCHARDS

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There is nothing to equal Zam-Buk for stopping pain and healing wounds and sores quickly and thoroughly. Zam-Buk always maintains its high standard of healing efficiency because of its unique herbal composition and its freedom from the rancid animal fats and mineral poisons of cheap ointments.

It saves money, pain and worry to always have Zam-Buk handy. Get a box to-day from your chemist.

Zam-Buk

ULCERATED LEG from a KNOCK.

Mr. H. Atkins, of 125, Grange Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, writes :—"My left leg got badly ulcerated from a knock. Doctor's and hospital treatment did no good. Zam-Buk, however, drew out the inflammation and poison, and made my limb as sound as a rock."

In compact 1/3 & 3/- boxes. Of all chemists and drug stores.

IN THE WORKSHOP

THE MARK OF THE

C.W.M

HOUSE OF HONEST DEALING

TROUSERS (Black or Navy.) 6/6

These are Army trousers, therefore you know the splendid quality. They have been *cleaned, dyed,* and *tailor-pressed* as *new.*

Repaired 6/6
Selected, slightly repaired 7/6
1st Selection, Equal to New .. 9/6

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR SAMPLE PAIR.

Postage extra; 1 pair 6d., 2 pairs 9d., 3 pairs 1/.

Only measurements required—waist and inside leg. Largest waist in stock, 38 ins.

We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

Our success may lead to imitations, but be sure you see our mark on advertisement above, before sending. We clean, dye, repair and press on the premises.

We are *not* dealers, but actual Dyers and Manufacturers.

C. W. Maddox & Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.) Halidon Works, Halidon Street, Homerton, London, E.9.

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A REVOLUTION IN FRUIT BOTTLING AND JAM MAKING.

The "PRESERVO" OUTFIT. Price complete, bottles 30 Jars of Fruit **1/9** —without sugar—in ordinary jam jars or bottles. Adaptable parchment covers and full instructions included.

No more costly patent bottles required, and fruit kept in prime condition for an indefinite length of time.

"PRESERVO" is not a chemical preservative, but a patented sealing process—simple, safe and sure.

Splendid also for Jams and Marmalades.

Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene, Gold and other Medals. Large numbers of unsolicited testimonials.

Stocked by all leading London and Provincial Stores. Ask your local tradesman for "PRESERVO." If unable to obtain it, send Postal Order 1/9, when the Complete Outfit will be sent Post Free by the Sole Manufacturers—

ELLIOTT & Co. (Dept. 73.)
Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

FOR FRUIT BOTTLING.

NO OTHER RAINCOAT OFFERS SUCH TEMPTING VALUE.

There is no question about this whatever. These Raincoats are the most wonderfully tempting bargains in the whole of the Trade. No other Coat offers you such high quality and fashionable style—no other coat will bring such lasting and perfect satisfaction, and you will marvel at the low price when you see how well it fits and how smart it looks.

It is only because we are the actual manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of

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So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we willingly refund your money.

Made in reliable quality Gaberdine Cloth in various shades, fully lined check fabric, with smart belts and buckles. Gents', Ladies', Maids', and Youths' all in stock.

Write To-day for Free Patterns and Fashion Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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BEACON seaside PADDLERS

In Cream light-weight Beacon Oilskin; elastic waist and legs; seamless, gusseted fork; bib front. Wading in them is a dry, healthy frolic. Give child's age and send **4/11**

BEACON BATHING CAPS in same material, for Adults or Children. Say which and send 1/6. All post free. If unsatisfactory, money back on *John Bull's* word. BARBOUR'S LTD. 67, Beacon B'dgs, South Shields, Eng

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD TERMS

THE IDEAL TENT.

Carry your home with you for 2 or 3 persons at home or abroad

"IMPROVED GIPSY" TENT. (Redg. Design.)

Note extension back and double roof, also overlap to carry rain from tent base.

Weight 40 ozs. Price £6-6-0
Complete with poles, pegs and line.

A SUCCESS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Remember accommodation in Hotels, Boarding Houses, etc., is now scarce, so why not take a tent with you? It takes next to no room, easily erected.

Send two penny stamps for lists.

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WORTHMORE'S sell all makes and types of new and road-tested second-hand Motor Lorries, MotorVans, Char-a-bancs, Steam Wagons, etc. (Loads 15 cwts. to 10 tons.) Over 50 in Stock to Select from. Call, Wire, 'Phone or Write!

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YOUR DOG CANNOT SAY

SPRATTS

BUT HE RELIES UPON YOU TO DO SO

when buying his food. Spratt's Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits make a dog's life worth living.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

W. E. B. (San Francisco).—"Has England been sold? One would think so by some of the papers published here." Not sold, but—given away.

C. B. (London).—Domestic servants and daily helps should, of course, have an opportunity to rejoice on Peace Day—like other folk.

"SCOTT" (Auld House).—You can take it tha' if *we* had dictated the Treaty the Huns would have got as little mercy from us as this country would have got from them, if they had been on top.

G. S. (Ealing).—Much obliged for cutting from Indian paper about those Indian "delegates." They have not escaped our observation.

D. M. (Victoria, B.C.) sends us picture postcards of Army and Navy Floats which took part in the parade on Victoria Day. We agree that the motto on one of them is admirable, "For what we have to wear and eat, Thank God—also the British Fleet."

H. M. H. (Harperley) protests against Bolsheviks going about the country "sowing the seeds of revolution broadcast." We suppose the Government expects the seeds to fall on stony ground.

"A FEW FORAGE GIRLS" (Chelmsford).—It is unkind and unchivalrous for people to jeer at you in the streets. You wear the King's uniform, after all.

MRS. F. (Hampstead).—"We read you were Tommy's friend. Now that the war is done, I cannot understand why you have suddenly gone quiet." Not a bit of it. If you cannot hear us now, it is because you have suddenly gone deaf.

A. K. (New York).—"Your paper has a splendid sale out here, though they charge 12 cents. for it." Fares on the Atlantic Ocean must also have gone up.

W. S. (Epsom).—"I expect you will be very busy one way and another." You might say "two ways"—and then some. But ask your questions, all the same. Don't be shy.

H. W. (Portsmouth) says of the Nippon Yusen (Japanese) Steamship Co.: "All the positions on our steamers are filled by Japanese." A thundering good example for *our* shipowners to copy.

"A LAND GIRL" (Cardiganshire).—"What is there about you that people love you so much?" Modesty forbids us to tell you, dearie.

"SWADDY" (Preston).—"May you be as successful with your horses as you are with your paper." Yes, but we can't expect to win *all* the races.

"ECONOMY" (Hull).—"The following should come under your notice. The Government advocating economy are wasting money every day." Lor' bless you, we noticed it years and years ago.

G. H. D. (Glastonbury) and T. N. (Rochdale).—We have already exposed E. W. Phipps, Harborne, Birmingham, who advertises incubators and foster-mothers, takes your money, and then plays the waiting-game. We advise no dealings with this poultry person.

C. Q.-M.-SGT. S. B. F. (B.E.F.).—A murrain on the Liverpool barber who was rude to you! Next time, come straight through to London, and try our man. He is rude only to wrong 'uns.

G. L. M. (Guernsey).—Mysterious advert. from *Guernsey Star*: "Man, to size a small piece of glass, take glass away." Next week, it turned out they meant "scythe" and "grass."

S. H. (Hull).—"Which is the town where the height of the Police Force is the smallest, and what height they stand?" They all stand very high in their own estimation. None are small—all big bugs.

W. H. (Cambridge) has heard Cambridge described as a town of pride, poverty and prostitution, "and doesn't wonder at it" in the light of an advertisement of the local Education Committee offering a caretaker's job at £20 per ann., with 10 per cent w.b.

J. S. (Upminster).—"The inducement was great, I must own, To invest in the Victory Loan; But many I fear, Through the shortage of beer, Have kept all their money at home." You don't think "home" rhymes with "own," do you?

"DEMOBILISED SOLDIER" (Ashford) says they won't employ him in the S.E.C.R. Works because he wears glasses, though he wore glasses for two years in some of the big battles in France. Hope he'll soon see his way to a good job.

E. B. (Redditch).—"What about the 25,000 sacks of white flour stored in Oldham, gone bad, and now sold for pig-food?" If true, enough to give Redditch the needle, or the red itch.

J. C. (Newcastle).—"The girl I am courting is very nice-looking but romantic," and she wants "to go on the pictures!" Sorry, but she will have to be sensationally divorced first, or do something desperate like that.

H. M. C. (Mardy) had a sudden attack of fever in a railway station, and people whom he asked to get him a ticket would not do so because they thought he was drunk. Hard luck!

"REGULAR READER" (Weston-super-Mare).—Thanks for sending us cutting from the *Weston Mercury*—but our statement that but £12 3s. was raised in the town by touting from door to door for a War Memorial, was based upon the report in the *Bristol Evening Times and Echo* of the speech of Mr. Poole, Chairman of the local branch of the Federation of Discharged Sailors and Soldiers.

H. J. W. (Sidcup).—The Hospital Boys in Blue are ordered not to "loiter" outside the Post Office. Try loitering inside—like some P.O. girls do.

W. A. (Queenstown).—"When the employer of labour says that he cannot get skilled labour to commence his enterprise, he speaks a deliberate lie." The dirty dog!

W. T. H. (Coleraine) is caustic regarding long-visaged Y.M.C.A. Chaplains, *who never went near the Trenches*, whiffing the cigarettes with which they were supplied free from their huts, while "Tommy" had to plank down part of his shilling for his woodbines and cups of coffee. Exactly. The Lord looks after his own, you know.

"A READER OF 13 YEARS" (Denmark Hill).—The first Huns were probably bred from the first sausage, which, alarming its maker by its inherent mystery, was left to decay. Now for that 10s. for our War Sufferers' Fund, please!

P. S. (S.W. 1).—You swallow gudgeons 'ere they're catched, and count your chickens 'ere they're hatched.

MRS. T. (Yorkshire)—a labourer's wife with nine children—has a little son in a blind school, in Liverpool, but has not been able to see him for two years, owing to the high railway fares. The cruel imposition must be removed.

R. P. (Twickenham).—Life just now is full of jumbles, and you've reason for your grumbles.

E. J. D. (Tottenham).—Pleased to hear our par about you ("Good All Round") was the direct means of securing you a berth. Congrats to you and the firm.

H. P. (Blackheath).—"Gentlemen going and sitting down to their 7s. 6d. lunch; we old people have got to make it last the whole week." Yes, there's a bit of a diff., isn't there?

V. B. (Southwark).—"Many thousands are waiting for the Bill to allow marriage to a deceased husband's brother." Quite so, and they are all writing to us.

T. (Cardiff) and A. W. (K.R.R.).—How can you secure one of those £250 jobs as Housing Superintendent under the Labour Ministry? Well, you are soldiers, you have been trained for the work, and are not females. So "Tomfoolery at its Highest" bars you!

E. G. H. W. (Handsworth).—It is scandalous if your friend cannot get rooms in Colwyn Bay or Llandudno "because of his kiddie," 16 months old. If we were the kiddie we should make a scream about it.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Winchester).—Any girl would be foolish to go to France and Spain as "travelling companion and secretary" to an advertising strange man. We "warn" the girls, but their own sense should do that.

CPL. J. (A.I.F.).—Contradicting a correspondent, you say: "Members of the A.I.F. receive nothing as war gratuity; no six months' pay on discharge; nor 'all allowances, etc.' For publication, if agreeable." Quite agreeable. We always are.

D. Q. McG. (Witley).—"So this white-livered conchie of Bristol, Who refused to handle rifle, bayonet or pistol, Is paid four bob a day Of out of work pay, And becomes a charge on the State as a sit-still. Hoping this meets with your approval." Far from it.

"OWNER-DRIVER" (Bournemouth).—Even a Vehicle Inspection Committee must have their lunch. You never miss yours, of course?

E. J. (Lincoln).—We estimate the value of your old print at just as much as you can get for it.

E. R. P. H. (Sec., Q.M. Royal Naval Hospital, Southend).—Thanks for thanking us for sending copies of JOHN BULL all the while the hospital has been open. Now it is closed, and we may say many patients have also thanked us for what was a labour of love.

W. D. (East Lavant) and "ONE WHO KNOWS."—One of you confirms our criticisms of "A Sussex Slough"; the other gives us the lie direct. This satisfies us that there must have been a good deal of truth in what we said.

MISS T. (Wimborne).—Judging by the dozens of angry and indignant letters we have received, your recent suggestion that the W.R.A.F.s at Blandford Camp spend most of their time playing hockey is a terminological inexactitude.

"BRITISH SAILOR" (Liverpool) tells us that recently the Government refused permission for one Cardiff shipping firm to sell a ship to another, yet the Blue Funnel line, of Liverpool, is allowed to place a dozen ships under the Dutch flag.

J. B. (Stoke Newington).—Better that the linen should be bought by Mr. Martin than that the Government should be sold by the linen manufacturers.

"MOTHER" (Carlisle). — We should scarcely think girls "disabled in helping win the war" would like to wear a badge of disablement.

"MUCH-DISGUSTED" (Port Talbot).—The Port Talbot pen-pusher who wrote silly things about the Boy Scouts was talking through his hat. To treat him seriously would give him too much publicity.

J. McM. (Greenock).—Glad Scotland is looking after its blinded soldiers and sailors. St. Dunstan's set a splendid lead. May Scotland rival Sir Arthur Pearson!

G. S. (Balham).—"Can you inform me which are the three largest junctions (consecutively) in England?" Injunction, conjunction, and salt-junktion. The greatest of these is Injunction.

"REDLOG" (Poplar).—"Kindly insert in your valuable column the way I have been treated by a publican." Publicans so seldom treat anybody that the incident is worth recording.

J. R. S. (Erdington).—"L.G." on the shoulder strap *may* mean "Lloyd George's Own," but "1 L.G." means First Life Guards. Apologise, please.

P. P. (London, W.C.).—Of course, broadly speaking, we are in favour of the preferential employment of ex-soldiers on the land, but the case of your girl protégée—consumptive, and told by her doctor that only an open-air life would cure her—is exceptional, and we are sorry to learn that so far she has not succeeded in getting such a job. Should we hear of one, we shall be pleased to pass on the particulars.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Peace on earth,
Good will to men—
Write it with a

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (July 19th, 1919.)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

EXTENSION OF PERIOD ALLOWED FOR APPLICATION FOR LAND ON EASY TERMS FOR EX-SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN.

The Governor of the East Africa Protectorate is prepared to allot a number of Farms at a low rent in the Highlands of the Protectorate to men and women who have served with the British, Dominion, Colonial, or Allied Forces during the war.

The Farms are divided into two classes.

(*a*) A limited number of Farms of about 100 acres, to be leased free of purchase price. Applicants should have a few hundred pounds of capital, and, if possible, some previous Colonial experience.

(*b*) Farms ranging from about 500 to 5,000 acres, suitable for agriculture or stock raising.

The lease of these Farms will be sold at prices varying according to their situation and the quality of the land, but well under the present market price. No purchase price will be payable for the first two years, and thereafter the price may be paid by instalments extending over any period up to thirty years. Applicants must show that they will have the use of a capital of £1,000 or an assured income of £200 a year.

Applications will be considered by the Selection Board in the first instance, and the allocation of the Farms amongst selected applicants in each class will be by ballot. In the ballot the names of selected applicants will be drawn, and applicants will be entitled to choose from the Farms available in the order in which their names are drawn.

Full particulars of the scheme with form of application may be obtained from

The Secretary,
East Africa Land Settlement Selection Board,
57-59, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Applications will close on the 14th of August, 1919, and not on the 14th July.

COMPANY MEETING.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

Presiding on July 9 at the annual meeting of the General Electric Company (Ltd.), Mr. H. Hirst said the General Electric Company had been fortunate in that its war work had not essentially differed in character from its peace work. This had enabled the change-over to take place with less disorganisation than many firms had experienced, and for that reason the period of five months, from the Armistice to the close of the financial year, had contributed to the satisfactory results. Net profits of £480,000 were satisfactory.

The report referred to an ambitious peace programme which the directors had adopted, and those who have followed the company's operations closely would have realised that they were steadily building up an electrical concern which would soon rank with those great organisations which had been such a potent force in industry in other countries. Gradually but surely they were covering the whole domain of electricity. They aimed at being able to say that there was no conceivable electrical contract that the company could not undertake and carry through, with products of its own manufacture so far as they were within the realm of the electrical industry. That, in short, was their peace programme. The demand for electrical equipment in the near future would probably be double or treble what could be produced to-day. It was for that reason that they asked for authority to increase the capital of the company to £6,000,000.

The measure of success they achieved would depend in the main on the workers themselves. He was an optimist, and believed in the commonsense of workers. His remarks did not particularly refer to their own employees, but to all workers throughout the country.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the increase of capital to £6,000,000 unanimously approved.

Milton Uses in the month of July.

Don't Blame the Insect

for biting you. The worst thoughts you can express about him will not help you. Apply MILTON at once—the relief is instant and lasting.

Bites from midges, mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, etc., are a source of danger, especially to children, who scratch the wounds and thereby run the risk of blood poisoning. MILTON removes this danger because it sterilises the bite as well as allays the irritation.

MILTON

stands alone and unclassified. Its uses are so many and so different. In every home every day there is something for MILTON to do, and it saves you buying a dozen or more different preparations. Although MILTON is a powerful fluid it is perfectly harmless—non-poisonous—non-inflammable. You need it in the kitchen, the nursery, the bathroom, the garden.

1/3 & 2/6 Bottle
Your dealer sells it.

Does 101 Things

A FEW SUMMER USES OF MILTON

Relieves Hay Fever.
Kills Obnoxious Smells.
Allays Skin Irritation.
Destroys Vermin.
Removes Stains.
Destroys Plant Pests.
Eases Aching Feet.
Relieves Insect Bites.
Revives Fading Flowers.

The Milton Booklet which accompanies each bottle is more useful in the home than a Dictionary. It describes the hundred and one uses, and gives full directions.

MILTON MANUFACTURING Co. Ltd
125, Bunhill Row, LONDON, E.C.
76, West George Lane, GLASGOW.
37, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

FOOD.
A New Idea.

You put sauces, relishes, spices, etc., on your food to make it taste better, but do you put anything on it to make it pure and perfectly safe?

The idea of putting MILTON on your food is novel, but isn't it sensible?

You can put MILTON on meat, fish, poultry, fruit, vegetables—on anything you eat. MILTON will not add the slightest taste or smell—it only freshens the natural flavour of food—and will completely remove all dangers of impurities, fly-blow or ptomaine poisoning.

Just add a tablespoon of MILTON to each pint of cold water. Wash the meats and fish, or soak the vegetables, before cooking. The food tastes better and is safe.

THE ease and simplicity of shaving with a Gillette Safety Razor will astonish you.

The adjustable curving blade glides over the skin, removes every hair closely and easily—and leaves your chin clean and smooth without the slightest irritation.

An illustrated catalogue showing models to suit everybody will be sent post free on request.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD.,
184-188, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

GILLETTE STANDARD SET
The original Gillette Set, that introduced the modern way of shaving contains Triple Silver-plated Razor; Blade boxes with 12 double-edged Gillette blades (24 shaving edges). The whole contained in Leather Case 21/-.

NO STROPPING — Gillette — NO HONING
"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING.

(Prepaid, 15/- per line, minimum 3 lines.)

GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Suits, Drapery, Watches and Jewellery for cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Commission, highest paid.—Apply Freeman, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

CAN'T Mend a Mackintosh? Rubbish my boy! Oh, yes, I know they used to be unmendable, but you try "Mend-a-Tear." No stitches needed. Sample free for 1½d. stamped addressed envelope.—Leicester Rubber Co., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

CYCLISTS! SAVE MONEY by purchasing at wholesale rates. Cycles, tyres, and accessories supplied at prices that defy competition. Write for huge free catalogue. A valuable book of "Secret Recipes" will be sent whilst stock lasts to those enclosing four penny stamps. Moorhouse Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley, Lancs.

BOOTS.—4s. Saved. Buy Direct from our Northampton Factory. Send postcard for catalogue. Gents', Ladies' and Children's Boots.—John Emmet, Ltd., Dept. 7, Northampton.

FISHERMEN, ANGLERS.—My 16 Fish Bait Secrets win you first-class prizes. Price 2s. 6d. the lot.—Hoult, 258 Box 19, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

PFACK MEDALS, Enamelled Badges, for all purposes. Miniature Medals, Ribbon Bars, etc. Write for full particulars to actual maker, W. O. Lewis, Howard Works, 37, Howard Street, Birmingham.

ODD LOTS OF SHEETS.—Bundles of Plain, Linen finish Bleached Cotton Sheets, very superior quality single bed, size 60 by 90 ins.; 2 pairs for 3s. 6d.; 60 by 100 ins., two pairs for 4s. 6d.; 2 by 3 yards, two pairs for 6s. 6d. We can recommend these sheets for durability and hard wear.—HUTTONS, 185, Larne, Ireland.

MODEL AEROPLANES.—Fly ¼ mile circular flight, 4s. Testimonials from all parts. Dept. J.B., Bristol Model Aeroplane Depot, Bristol.

1000 BILLHEADS, 3s. 6d., Cards, Memos, Paper Bags for all Trades, cheapest in England. Samples free.—Forward Printers, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham.

BEST and CHEAPEST Wholesale Warehouse for Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers Samples. Send for Catalogue free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BONFIRE FIREWOOD.—Broken boxes, also chumps (logs), lying Bristol, South Wales district, London, Derby, Leicester, etc., 55/- ton, carriage paid some stations; also English and Foreign sawn timber, plywood, woodwork every description.—C. Jennings and Co., Ltd., 700, Pennywell Road, Bristol.

LAND GRANTS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA FOR EX-SERVICE MEN.
There are only a limited number of Farms being offered by the Government, and applications will close almost immediately. If this interests YOU apply at once to BROMHEAD BROTHERS & CO., 15, Angel Court, London, E.C. 2.

DRAPERY REMNANTS Start in the Remnant Trade and make money. No experience required. Stocks of Prints, Voiles Plettes, Towels, Hosiery, Overalls, Fancy Goods, &c. Price list free from **HARRY H. CLEGG** (Dept. Q), 9, HIGH STREET, MANCHESTER. Wholesale only.

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write at once for clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Court Royals, etc., grand bicycles from £8 19 6 cash (*maker's price* £15 15 0).—George King, Ltd., Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry.

What is your address?

Send your address on a postcard to H. Samuel, 199 Market St., Manchester, and receive his

FREE BOOK of BARGAINS

in Diamond Jewellery, Watches and Plate. The offer of FACTORY PRICES makes every purchase a splendid money-saving investment.

5 well-matched Diamonds. 50/-

Fine lustrous Diamond. £8

Send a postcard now to:

H. SAMUEL
199 MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.
[H. SAMUEL, LTD.]

WRITE NOW!

"THE PILL THAT WON THE WAR"

(MILD) No. 9 (MILD)

Of all Stores and Chemists.

Sole Proprietors:
LESTER, LOCKWOODS, Ltd.,
94-96, Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Price 1/3 post free. Mail Order Dept.J

~FOR THIS WEEK ONLY~

TEN HOLIDAY PRIZES VALUE £12-12/- EACH

BULLETS

£500

1ST PRIZE

TEN WEEK-END PRIZES VALUE £6-6/- EACH

2ND PRIZE £50

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

200 PRIZES OF 3/-

1000 PRIZES OF 2/6

3,000 TARGET PRIZES

3RD PRIZE £15

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—WOMAN'S DRESS. Bullet:—NOT MUCH FOR PRICE. Example:—ASLEEP. Bullet:—ENGLAND UNTIL WAR. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Aug. 9th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 338

HOW TO CELEBRATE PEACE	LIKE BOTTOMLEY	ASLEEP	MOST UNREASONABLE
MARCHING THROUGH LONDON	A MAN'S JOB	IF I WERE BOSS	SEASIDE PROFITEERS
A PERFECT GENTLEMAN	LOVE	NICE AND WARM	GOOD FOR NOTHING
WEARING THE TROUSERS	DEAR TO US	HARD TO STRIKE	WORTH FOLLOWING
PLEASES THE GIRLS	THE KAISER'S HOPE	DEARLY BOUGHT	GERMANY'S FUTURE
LLOYD GEORGE'S TASK	DISSATISFIED	A GREAT TRIAL	THE VICTORS
NO PLACE FOR TOMMY	WISH I COULD	WOMAN'S DRESS	LATE AGAIN
TEACHING HER SWIMMING	A CHEAP HOLIDAY	WITHOUT WORK	AT MERRY MARGATE

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(339) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 24th
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(339) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 338 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(339) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet
(339) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 340.

PRESSING ENGAGEMENT—GIRLS—RICH MAN—THE WRONG WAY—BEHIND BARS—IN LONDON—SUPPLY AND DEMAND—DEALING WITH PROFITEERS—BOTTOMLEY'S PEN—WHEN TOMMY'S DONE—ROBBERY—THE NEW WORLD—AT BLACKPOOL—LORD NORTHCLIFFE—HER BATHING DRESS—OUR WORST ENEMY—THE BREWERS—A GOOD TONIC—GERMAN TRAVELLERS—KEEPING WATCH.

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, July 31st.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **340** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 340, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition 339.

List of 10s. Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 338 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and Other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 336th Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. J. ROBINSON,
19, Bedford Road, Harrow.

Example:—NEEDED NOWADAYS.
Bullet:—HOTELS FOR *Other* SLEEPERS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. BEN. WILSON,
20, Wesley Road, Southend-on-Sea.

Example:—LABOUR TROUBLES.
Bullet:—WE'RE "MEETING THEM" EVERYWHERE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. L. WAGHORN,
Vikings, Kingsdown, E. Kent.

Example:—THE GOODS.
Bullet:—TOMMY—DON'T EXPORT HIM.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES VALUE £12 12s. EACH:

MR. T. MOORE, 24, Fitzadam Street, Wigan:
THE GOODS—OUR BOYS "GATHERED TOGETHER."
MR. E. ROGERS, 61, Alkham Rd., Stamford Hill:
RICH AND POOR—GERMANY—AS OCCASION ARISES.
MR. A. J. WINNE, c/o Whitaker, Ltd., Chapeltown, Sheffield:
THERE'S NO DENYING—MONEY IS "BUYING POWER."
MRS. M. HAMILTON, 53, Allfarthing Lane, Wandsworth:
OLD SOLDIERS—GOVERNMENT'S UNWANTED "STREET DECORATIONS."
LIEUT. S. F. BRADDY, Gt. Horkesley, Essex:
THERE'S NO DENYING—WILHELM FELLED HOHENZOLLERN TREE.
MR. R. HOOLEY, 13, Regent Ave., Moss Side, Manchester:
THE GERMANS—"TRUST THEM" TO KNOW.
MR. T. B. GRIFFITHS, Park Lodge, Cahir, co. Tipperary:
RICH AND POOR—STRIKE CANNOT SETTLE DIFFERENCE.
MR. S. J. GOSSLING, 10, Stanpit, Christchurch:
TRYING TO PLEASE—HUN BECOMES MORE OBJECTIONABLE.
MR. J. GERRARD, 6, Snape St., Radcliffe, M/c.:
THANKS—TO TOMMY—STRIKERS COMFORTABLE.
MISS N. WILLIAMS, 8, Richmond Avenue, Montpelier, Bristol:
A GOOD LOT—SOME SACRIFICED, OTHERS GRABBED.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES VALUE £6 6s. EACH:

MR. J. BANCROFT, 64, Mill Road, Cleethorpes:
THE GOODS—WE BOUGHT—FINANCED GERMANS.
MR. C. H. SAVORY, 37, Marshall St., Holbeck, Leeds:
LOOKING FOR BEER—"EMPTY HOUSES" ABUNDANT THEN.
MR. C. A. SMITH, 53, Davey Rd., Moseley, B'ham:
IN THE FUTURE—PERMIT REQUIRED FOR WAR.
MR. J. H. MUSKILL, Woodcote Lodge, Church Stretton:
FINDING FAITHER OUT—HOME LESSONS ALL WRONG.
MR. KNOWLES, 4, Shalders Cotts., Gillingham, Kent:
FLYING—TO AMERICA—GOOD BUSINESS.
MR. S. JENKINS, 69, Nicholson Street, Ryhope, Sunderland:
FAIR DISPLAY—MAKE BONFIRES OF SLUMS.
MISS F. PORTER, 180, Turners Hill, Cheshunt, Herts:
FREE AND EASY—FROCKS AND MANNERS, NOWADAYS.
MR. T. H. BROOKS, 29, Tillotson Rd., Heeley:
SIGN OF WEAKNESS—SWINDLER'S SIGNATURE SELDOM.
MR. E. W. PALMER, 9, South Bank, Westerham:
NEEDED NOWADAYS—NOISY TOOLS—SILENT FOOLS.
SGT. E. GEBBETT, Abbey Rd., Scone By Perth:
FAIR SWINDLER—WOULDN'T WELCOME WOMAN JUDGE.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

July 19, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Home Address .....

July 19, 1919.

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

PATON'S BOOT SHOE LACES

THERE is a Paton Lace for every Boot and Shoe in every walk of life.

Insist on having "PATON'S" and you ensure freedom from the annoyance of continually breaking laces. Not only do they give long service—they keep their appearance and the tags are fast.

ALL BRITISH.

Your Boot Dealer can supply if you insist on "Paton's."

WM. PATON, LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

VI

This boot gives ease

and comfort to troubled feet. Takes about 4 seconds to fasten up and is cheaper than "ordinary" boots.

Southall's Ready laced boot

has no seams, thick tongues, metal eyelets, or bulky laces to irritate the feet. Being made in one piece, it can give naturally to any part of the foot where there may be undue pressure due to corns or bunions. Yet it's smarter in appearance than the conventional boot. Send for further particulars and self-measure form to-day, free.

R. Southall & Co., Northampton.

WORKING AND WORRYING.

The strain of worry under which parents, wives and relatives of our fighting men were placed, while the casualty lists were growing, is in many cases only being felt now, after the war is over. Those who had to work hard, and who worried while working, were under a double strain.

Now is the time to get the system back to a healthy condition. A tonic that will build up the blood will restore the shattered nerves and carry new energy to the distressed stomach. Until the system is built up there is constant danger of disease. Dr. Williams' pink pills are a valuable tonic, and they enrich the quality of the blood so that it carries abundant nourishment not only to the nerves, but to every part of the body, thus helping the system to resist disease. Dr. Williams' pink pills are eminently suitable to restore tone, and to dispel the effects of worry, and to increase the supply of rich healthy blood. They have transformed thousands of sick, complaining, irritable, tired and nervous people into active, energetic, capable, efficient men and women. They will help you, too.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic for all nervous people of both sexes. To-day is the best time to begin them, and mind you ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE for the asking. Send a postcard to Post Free Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a book that will tell you how to take care of your nerves.

Summer Pests—

POND'S EXTRACT is the surest—quickest antidote for all INSECT STINGS. When applied to a sting all irritation ceases, the poisonous sting is quickly rendered harmless, and swelling and danger of blood poisoning averted.

Keep a bottle of this famous old remedy handy and defy **gnats, wasps, mosquitoes** and all other **stinging pests.**

POND'S EXTRACT is also invaluable in cases of **Cuts, Wounds, Bruises,** etc. It stops bleeding, internal and external, and soothes and reduces all irritation and swelling, whatever the cause.

See that you get POND'S, the Genuine Extract, and persistently refuse all substitutes.

Of all Chemists, 2/6, or direct for P.O. to the manufacturers.

POND'S EXTRACT Co. (Dept. 117), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. 108

The Old Family Doctor

Pond's Extract

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When we speak of a tank we picture a huge cumbersome box of machinery bristling with guns. Yet **Carter's Little Liver Pills,** one of the smallest and most successful pills in the world, can be compared to tanks in action, for they surely and gently touch the Liver, curing Bilious Headache, Constipation, etc., just as tanks surmount obstacles and clear trenches of the enemy. Try them to-day, your chemist has them. Good for man, woman and child.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature *Brentwood.*

SKIN TROUBLE?

Send for our Trial Bottle

FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—*Write to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.*

D.D.D. Prescription.

A liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.** Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cure begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. **Send to-day for the free trial bottle.** Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heals far more quickly than salves or ointments.

D.D.D. is obtainable at **2/9,** of all chemists. Also ask for D.D.D. Skin Soap, 1/, and Super Shaving Soap, 1/6.

SEND FOR THE TRIAL BOTTLE NOW.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES,

M.N. 19, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

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MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS

This wonderful contrivance supplies the "one thing needful" for which every gramophone owner has been clamouring for years.

Fits any machine

THE Renoplex

Gramophone Attachment

Makes your Own Records

To make your own records with a Renoplex attachment is quite simple. Any child can do it. Records anything you say, sing, or play into it. The making of huge numbers on the "mass production" principle has enabled the makers to sell this wonderful contrivance at one-third its normal price. From dealers everywhere.

The complete outfit includes tone-arm extension tube, recording attachment, recorder, reproducer, special aluminium telescopic trumpet, tracking plate, and six 10-inch wax "blanks."

PRICE

£2 : 2 : 0

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For Free Illustrated particulars, complete specification, and how used, send a post-card to-day to—

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The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

The moment **HEADACHE** comes, take **DAISY**

People all over the World are curing their headaches with DAISY—curing them safely and surely as quickly as they come. Why shouldn't *you* do the same? Get a few DAISIES to-day and be prepared for the next attack.

DAISY

A 6d. HEADACHE CURE for 2d.

DAISY is sold by Chemists and stores everywhere at 2d. each; 6 for 1/-; 20 for 2/3; 60 for 6/-.

DAISY LTD., LEEDS

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

THE SHOOT-A-LITE GAS LIGHTER.

4/6 *Each. 10,000 Lights without refilling.*

Refills **4d.** *Each. 10,000 more Lights.*

The finest, cheapest, strongest, safest, : MECHANICAL GAS LIGHTER. :

Absolutely indispensable to you. 50 times cheaper than Matches. 100 times more reliable. Lights instantly. Simple, Safe, Sure, Clean, Handy.

Cannot Scorch, Burn or Injure. Lasts a Lifetime. Never out of Order. No Fire Danger. No Breaking Mantles.

Thousands sold at Model Homes Exhibition.

Of all Ironmongers, Gas Companies, &c.

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Agents Wanted.

No snicking

with a "Mab" razor. The short, light blade—always keen—makes shaving an easy operation for anyone.

Black 4/6 'MAB' Ivory 6/-

20 years' reputation for quality.

Of all good Ironmongers and Stores.

'MAB' CO., 73D Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM.

with a "Mab"

The Household Magician

Here's a little tube which dispels your ironmould worries and saves you pounds. Apply a touch of Movol (all Stores are selling it in 1/- and 6d. tubes) to the stain and in a few minutes the stain has gone. No mess, no trouble.

MOVOL Regd.

STAIN REMOVER

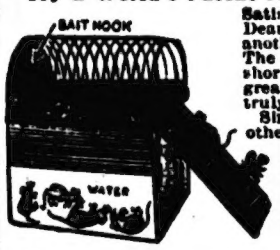
Removes Ironmould, Rust, Fruit and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, &c.

The directions given with each tube must be carefully followed.

From Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., in 1/- and 6d. tubes. If unable to obtain, send 1/2 for large trial tube, to

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., Bolton.

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH MICE, Try a World's Patent Tank Mouse Trap.



Satisfied customers say:—

Dear Sirs, Please send me another Tank Mouse Trap. The one which I bought a short time ago has given great satisfaction. Yours truly, A.E.W. Newark

Sirs, Please send me an other Tank Mouse Trap for which I enclose P.O. The one which I bought last week has done very well. The first night I set it, I caught 10 mice, the second night, 7. Yours faithfully, E.A.L. Birmingham.

The Trap Catches, Drowns and Resets in one operation, and the bait is always untouched. A dozen mice can be caught without the Trap requiring attention and it need only be emptied when full of mice. Price, Post free, 2/10 each. Please mention paper. J. Simpson & Sons Manufacturers, Otley, Yorks. FOOD WILL BE SCARCE IN WINTER. MICE INCREASE RAPIDLY AT THIS SEASON! DESTROY THEM.

Rickets and Wasting

Child Thought to be Incurable Made Well and Strong by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. A. JOHN, 33, Wellington Street, Chatham, says:—"I am more than pleased to tell you of the benefit Dr. Cassell's Tablets have been to my little girl, Nellie. She had always been a weakly child, in fact, when she was born it was believed she would never be reared. At two and a half years she could not say a word nor put her feet to the ground. She was terribly wasted, too, just a little shadow of a child, and always fretful and peevish. I had medical advice for her again and again, but it was all of no use. Nothing seemed to help her in the least. Doctors agreed that it was rickets, and that baby would not be able to walk for years; her little legs were twisted, and oh! so thin and feeble looking. However, I thought I would just give Dr. Cassell's Tablets a trial, and I can never be too thankful I did. Very soon I could see an improvement. She grew brighter and stronger, and presently was able to walk a little and to talk. Now, six months latter, she runs about and will chatter all day long."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

PRICES
1/3 & 3/-
The 3/- size the more economical.
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world.
Refuse Substitutes.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
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Indigestion
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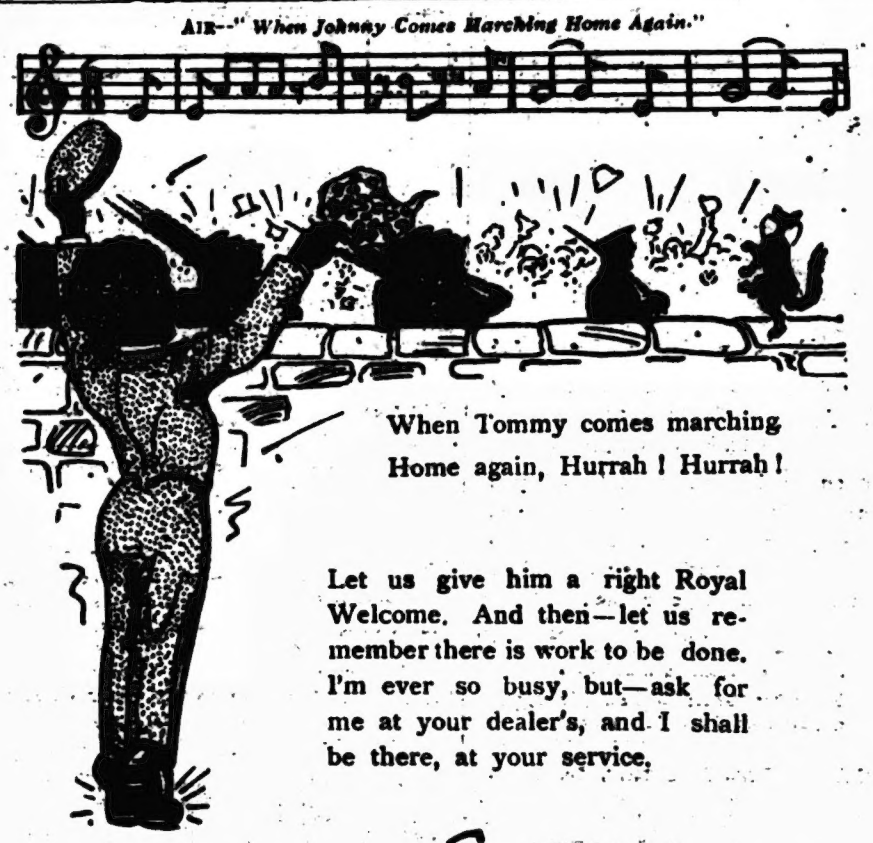
Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life, and after Influenza.

FREE INFORMATION
as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., Chester Rd., Manchester.

AIR—"*When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.*"



When Tommy comes marching
Home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Let us give him a right Royal Welcome. And then—let us remember there is work to be done. I'm ever so busy, but—ask for me at your dealer's, and I shall be there, at your service.

Sonnie Dayman

ASK FOR

DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish

Song Series No. 47. W.E.B.

MODERNISED PROVERBS.

"All is not gold that glitters,"
just as all substitutes fall far short of BORWICK'S for making deliciously light pies, pastry, cakes, &c.

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REDFERN CYCLE TYRES

Sir Lordly Loaf.

Some Calders Yeast will quickly raise
A loaf that keeps for several days.

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The Yeast with the beautiful clean colour.
CALDER'S YEAST COMPANY, LIMITED, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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Easiest to Learn, Write and Read. Only 6 Rules and 29 Characters. A Knowledge of Dutton's Shorthand will enable you to **Earn More Money.** Complete Theory Learned in 24 Hours. Send 2d. Stamps for 20-page Illustrated Booklet and Specimen Lesson to DUTTON'S COLLEGE (Desk J), SKEGNESS.

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Week's Treatment FREE.

Inflamed Wounds which will not heal, Burning, Itching Eczema which almost drives you crazy, and ulcerated Legs and Ankles with skin all purple and black, are due to poisons in your blood. The cure is Hood's Medicine Tablets. These herbal blood-tablets expel the poisons and give a lasting cure without having to lie up. Send for Week's Treatment, absolutely **FREE**, and particulars of No Cure No Pay Offer to Hood's (Dept. J.B. 2), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London. No pestering with letters urging you to buy a further supply.

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